

Engl. Theatre 1785
FATAL LOVE:

OR, THE

Degenerate Brother.

A

TRAGEDY.

As Acted at the

THEATRE in the *Hay-Market*.

Written by

OSBORNE SIDNEY WANDESFORD Esq;

Audax omnia perpeti

Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

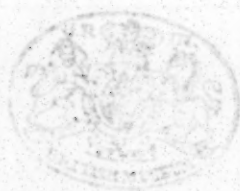
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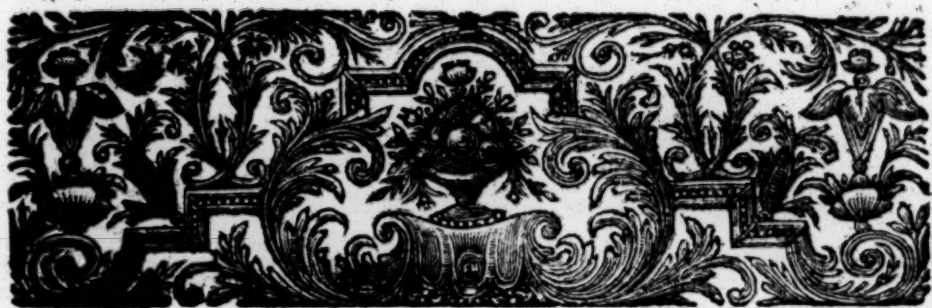
LONDON:

Printed for T. Worrall, at Judge Coke's Head,
near the Temple-Exchange Coffee-House, in Fleet-
street. M.DCC.XXX.

(Price 1 s. 6 d.)

905





TO HIS GRACE
THE
Duke of *RICHMOND*.

May it please Your Grace,



THE Indulgence your Grace
has shewn to these follow-
ing Scenes, induces me (tho'
it were the highest Presump-
tion, had not your Grace's leave al-

low'd it) to beg your Protection of a Labour, which has been so indifferently (and I will presume to say, most vilely perform'd) if improper and unjust Action, Omission of some Speeches, and Alteration of others, may plead my Excuse for endeavouring to vindicate myself as far as Reason and Justice will permit.

THIS, my Lord, obliged me to put a stop to its farther Performance, and to publish it sooner than I propos'd, which will in some measure (I flatter myself) retrieve its Reputation ; being conscious, my Lord, from these Causes, it must needs have suffer'd in the Opinion of the World : And tho' my Endeavours have not in some respect met the Success desir'd, yet I can't say I repent me of them, since to them I owe
the

the Happiness of being known to your Grace, who has so justly gain'd the Love and Esteem of all. I dare not presume to expatiate on this Subject, lest I shou'd give Offence, where the Height of my Ambition is to please. I cou'd enumerate as many Virtues in your Grace, as ever yet adorn'd the greatest of our Nobles ; but as they are as conspicuous as the Sun at Noon-day, it wou'd be an unpardonable Error in me, to say more on that head. I therefore humbly lay this my first Attempt at your Grace's Feet, whose Protection and Countenance, I am well assur'd, can secure it from the Malice of all my Enemies ; for your Grace's single Approbation, if I'm honour'd with it, will to me be a greater Pleasure, than the Applauses of Thousands of the Injudicious. But since my Pen is debar'd the liberty
of

of expressing my Sentiments, I shall now only beg leave, that your Grace wou'd permit me, (who have already so many Obligations to you) to subscribe myself, with the utmost Respect,

May it please Your Grace,

Your Grace's Most Obedient,

And Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

OSBORNE SIDNEY WANDESFORD.



PROLOGUE,

By Mr. CHARLES COFFEY.

A*T* once to raise Compassion and Delight,
To charm Attention, and allure the Sight,
Our Author proud Iberia brings to view,
With Scenes as natural as they're just and true.

*In private Life his Characters appear ;
The Plot, tho' Foreign, might have happen'd here.
From these Examples all Degrees may learn,
And Wits may true Morality discern :
Good Sense and Nature every where should reign,
Where these are wanting, we but judge in vain ;
Then to the Learn'd, and Candid of the Pit,
Who on his Labours Arbitrators sit,
Doubtful of Merit thus he humbly sues,
They will his first, tho' bold Attempt excuse ;
And whilst his Virgin Muse on callow Wings,
The Force of Malice, Love and Virtue sings,
Who can reflect on wrong'd Alvarez' Fate,
Amus'd by Friendship, ruin'd by Deceit ;
Or who can see Ismena in Distress,
But feels a Part of their Unhappiness ?
Despair like her's, is such as ne'er could flow
From labour'd Grief, or artificial Woe ;
Whose Tears we hope so eloquent may prove,
To melt those Hearts, which Dangers ne'er could move.
To that bright Circle he commits his Cause,
And dreads no Censure, crown'd with your Applause :
Such tender Softness in your Eyes appears,
Their Heavenly Sweetness dissipates his Fears ;
By you Ismena now, or lives, or dies,
Condemn'd she falls, but by your Smiles will rise,
Resplendent as your bright victorious Eyes.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Don Manuel, a Nobleman of Spain.</i>	Mr. Wells Sen.
<i>Alonzo his Son, a Captive, (suppos'd dead) Husband to Ismena.</i>	} Mr. Stopler.
<i>Pizarro, his Friend, a Slave.</i>	Mr. Wells Jun.
<i>Pedro, a Villain, Brother to Alonzo, in Love with Cleone.</i>	} Mr. Fielding.
<i>Alvarez, in Love with Ismena, and favour'd by Don Manuel.</i>	} Mr. Mullart.
<i>Rinaldo, his Friend and secret Rival, Brother to Cleone.</i>	} Mr. Lacy.
<i>Diego, Servant to Pizarro.</i>	Mr. Dove.
<i>Hermit.</i>	Mr. Reynolds.
<i>Page to Don Manuel.</i>	Mr. Achurch.
<i>Servants to Alvarez.</i>	Mr. Hicks and Richards.

W O M E N.

<i>Ismena, Wife to Alonzo, in Love with Rinaldo.</i>	} Mrs. Mullart.
<i>Lucina, Daughter to Don Manuel.</i>	Mrs. Martin.
<i>Cleone, secretly in Love with Alvarez.</i>	Mrs. Lindsey.
<i>Julia, her Friend and Confidant.</i>	Mrs. Newman.
<i>Florella, Maid to Ismena.</i>	Mrs. Nokes.
<i>Ruffians, Mariners, &c.</i>	

S C E N E *Tolosa in Spain.*

E R R A T A.

Page 12. l. 17. read thus, *May!*—*may I be curst with my Ismena's Hate.*
 p. 16. l. 4. read thus, *Which governs all our Actions and Designs.*

(1)



FATAL LOVE:

OR, THE

Degenerate Brother.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Manuel's Castle, with Walks before it.

Alvarez solus.



OW glorious is the Sun ! how with its Rays,
It universal Nature still revives !
How sweet's the Morn ! how lovely to
behold

The verdant Fields and Trees in all their Bloom !
Whilst tuneful Birds, on ev'ry Bough essay
In various Notes to warble forth their Joy ;
The sprightly Brutes in wanton Gambols play :
Each living Creature, by its genial Warmth,
Is fill'd with Mirth, and blest'd in what it likes.
All the Creation happy but myself.
Soft ! who comes there ? *Rinaldo !*

Enter Rinaldo.

Welcome to my Arms ; [Embracing him.]
It is an Age since last I held you here ;

B

A

A long, long Age!— Where have you been this while?

Rin. Where all Pleasure was a Stranger to me,
Wanting the Conversation of my Friend.

Alv. Alas, mine!

Rin. Yes, yes, yours, my other self:
But why so strangely thoughtful?—For, methinks,
A pensive Sadness sits upon your Brow. [*Observing him thoughtful.*]

Alv. I find you have a quick discerning Eye,
That thus from the Disorder of my Face,
You can perceive th' Emotions of my Soul,
And thence observe all is not well within.

Rin. With Concern I see't—but say, from whence
the Cause?

Come let me have my Portion of your Cares,
Since all your Suff'rings and your Pains are mine.

Alv. For that reason I conceal it from you,
Well knowing that thy gentle Disposition
Wou'd catch my Griefs, so sink me lower still.

Rin. Yes, *Alvarez*, you judge my Nature right,
Which mourns within me, when a Friend's distress'd:
Then tell me, by our past Friendship tell me,
From whence the Source, the Source of all this Woe:
Sorrows reveal'd oft ease the troubl'd Breast,
Or sooth at least the Anguish of the Mind.

Alv. Forbear to probe my Wound, your ev'ry
Touch

Quickens the Sense, but yields me no Relief.

Rin. Nay, then I dread all is not well indeed,
For sure you much are chang'd.

Alv. Too true, I am.

Yet think not you are less in my Esteem,
Or that I question in the least your Truth;
Because I han't unfolded all my Soul,
Fraught with Disquiets which distract my Peace.
No, no, my Friend, Conceptions such as those,
(So well your Honour, and your Worth I've prov'd)
Cou'd

The Degenerate Brother.

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Cou'd never yet find any Entrance here. [*Pointing to his Breast.*]

Rin. Since I thus fair in your Opinion stand,
No longer hold me in unkind Suspence,
E'er you the Cause declare, that ruffles thus
The usual Calmness of your former Life ;
That I, as bound by Friendship's Sacred Laws,
May to the utmost of my power assist you.

Alv. 'Twas kindly said—and now I'll ease my
Heart ;

'Tis Love, *Rinaldo* !—'tis Almighty Love !
The subtle God has shot himself into me,
And rages in my Soul—O *Ismena* ! [*Sighs.*]

Rin. Confusion !—my Rival !—then I must dissem-
ble. [*Aside.*]

Alv. Ha ! he seems surpriz'd—I like it not. [*Ob-
serving him.*]

Sure he means me fair !—I'll found him farther. [*Aside.*]

Tell me, *Rinaldo*, have you ever lov'd ? [*To him.*]

Have you with cold Indifference e'er met ?

Have you the Pangs of Jealousy e'er felt ?

Have you the Torments of Despair e'er known ?

Have you done this ? for this your Friend has done.

Rin. Yes, my *Alvarez*, I have born it all,
With Patience equal to a suff'ring Saint ;
But when I found my Service ill repaid,
Love I threw off, and Liberty regain'd.

Alv. Why have not I this Excellence of Mind ?
But, O ! the more I strive against its Power,
The poignant Passion glowing in my Veins,
And the hot Ferment raging in my Blood,
Inflame Desire, and prey upon my Heart.

Rin. I cou'd not think 'twere possible, that Love
Cou'd thus infatuate a Mind like your's ;
But have you then no Prospect of Success ?

Alv. Excuse me—Ha ! She's here ! [*Seeing Ismena
entering.*]

Dear *Rinaldo*, leave me.

B 2

Rin.

Rim. Adieu!—the Success I wish attend you. [*Exit.*

Alv. She comes! She comes! the lovely Charmer comes!

More beautiful than Snow, or rising Sun,
Of both their Pow'rs possess'd, to freeze or burn.

Enter Ismena, speaking to her Maid.

Ism. Was't not *Rinaldo*, who departed hence?

Maid. Yes, Madam—and he seem'd to shun us too.

Ism. 'Tis no matter—I like his Prudence well. [*Aside.*

Alv. Forgive me, Madam, that I thus presume,
[*To Ismena.*

To plead again my inauspicious Love,
And tell it in the softest Breath of 'Plaint;
Your rigorous Usage drives me to Despair.

Ism. What mean you, Sir? I no Return can make,
And since you have reduc'd me to this Strait,
Must own my Heart in secret is resign'd,
Nor will my Honour suffer any Change.

Alv. What!—a Rival, Madam! was it not so?
Malicious Fortune—Is it then for this,
That I the Torments of a Lover feel?
Is it for this I've languish'd with my Pains?
Is it for this I've breath'd my faithful Vows,
With never-ceasing Constancy and Truth?
Is it for this?—cruel, cruel *Ismena*!

Ism. Let not your Spirits war against themselves,
But give the Reins to cooler Reason's Rule;
Recall those Hopes, that built on me must fall,
Which, if transfer'd, may prosp'rously succeed.

Alv. O no, *Ismena*, that can never be;
Not all the Beauties of the Earth assembl'd,
Bright as the Glory of yon' dazling Sun,
Shou'd e'er allure me to renounce my Love.

Ism. Nay, then——

Alv. What then, fair Tyrant—come pronounce
my Doom:

The Wretch distended on the racking Wheel,

Whilst

The Degenerate Brother.

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Whilst tort'ring Mercy lengthens out his Pains,
Suffers not half the Pangs which I endure.

O ! that I cou'd wean me from this Fondness !
But even now, whilst struggling for Release,
I'm more entangl'd in the Snares of Beauty.

Ism. Then 'tis high Time that I shou'd loose the Toil,
By telling you my final Resolution :

If the Respect, which by Command I've shown,
Gives you to hope, you'll find yourself deceiv'd,
And for the future see me more reserv'd.

Alv. Retract those Words, their very Accent chills
The vital Tide, throughout my winding Veins ;
I feel it now congealing at my Heart,
Cold as the icy Hand of silent Death.

Ism. You have my Mind, so flatter not yourself ;
It is my firm definitive Resolve,
If e'er again you speak to me of Love.

Alv. Am I debarr'd the Ease t' express my Grievs,
My only Comfort, Freedom to complain ?
Command the Winds to cease, the Seas to rest,
When *Boreas* blows, and wint'ry Storms are high ;
The Poles to join, or Nature to go back ;
Command these, and what's as much impossible,
Command me not to love : You'll be obey'd,
Sooner than I can bring me to observe
The hard Injunction you have laid upon me.

Ism. If it is thus, then never see me more ;
Yet, as I hope this Farewell is your last,
I'll condescend to parley for a while,
And plead my own Defence against your Suit.
Had I the Tender of your Vows receiv'd ;
Had I my Person e'er to you engag'd ;
Had I Encouragement e'er giv'n to you ;
Had I, I say, done thus, and then prov'd false,
With Reason then you might of me complain.

Alv. No, Madam—I was never yet so bless'd ;
But still methinks, some Pity shou'd be shown
To the keen Anguish of my bleeding Heart.

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Ism. Pity, I own, to the Distress'd is due ;
But when th' Afflicted may themselves relieve,
The Fault's their own, if they will suffer on.

Alv. How can you argue 'gainst the Force of Love,
Which, well you know, is not to be withstood ?
Your Virtue and your Beauty first I prov'd,
Then th' innate Sweetness of your Temper weigh'd ;
By just Degrees their Magick on me grew ;
Your Beauty gave me Love, your Temper gave me
Hope.

Ism. Press me no farther—you have said too much.

Alv. Madam, I've done—but here's the good

Don Manuel. [Seeing Don Manuel entering.

Ism. His Temper won't at present suit with mine,
So I shall leave you, lest I give Offence. [Exit.

[Manet Alvarez.

To him, enter Don Manuel, and Pedro.

D. Man. What says my Daughter ? how does she
demean ?

Does she with Gratitude your Wishes meet,
Or pay your Merit with undue Returns ?

Alv. What shall I say, yet seem not to complain ?
When I, my Lord, acquaint you that the Fair,
My Pains with such Indifference regards,
As is most obvious, I've no Int'rest there ;
Now all my Hopes on you alone are form'd,
That through your Influence she yet may change,
And recompence my Suff'rings with her Love.

D. Man. And so she shall, depend upon't she shall ;
You know not what a Father's Pow'r can do.

Alv. Although 'tis true, you have a Parent's Right
To govern and command her as you please ;
Yet if by Argument and mild Persuasion,
You can't incline her to admit my Vows,
Let me conjure you to desist from Force.

D. Man. Fear not, Alvarez, all things shall be well.

Alv. That pleasing View revives my sinking Hopes,
And

The Degenerate Brother.

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And tells me that my Fortune's on the Turn :
Grant it, ye Pow'rs, and grant me Patience too,
To wait the dear, the wish'd-for Golden Hour.

D. Man. Rest satisfy'd, it will arrive at last ;
But yet from whence her Coldness does proceed,
And strange Behaviour, I cannot account ;
Unless the Sense of her poor Husband's Loss,
Her dear *Alonzo*, my unhappy Son,
(Who, taken by a Rover, dy'd in *Sallee*)
Sits heavy on her still, and is the Cause
That she rejects your Suit.

Alv. Wou'd that were all !

[*Afide.*

D. Man. Pardon these Tears, which sympathetick
Woe

[*Weeps.*

Draws from my Eyes—O ! the dire Remembrance !
'Tis now seven times the Ruler of the Day
Has run his annual Course, since first my Heart,
O'erwhelm'd with Grief for my *Alonzo's* Fate,
Cou'd only vent itself in 'Plaints to Heav'n.

Alv. How swift Time flies ! I deem'd it not so long.

D. Man. I think I'm right—Son *Pedro*, what say
you ?

[*To Pedro.*

Ped. My Lord, I reckon, much about the Time.

D. Man. You shou'd know best, for now I recollect,
'Twas from your Hands the Letter I receiv'd,
Dated from *Sallee*, with the sad Advice,
That your poor Brother was a Captive there ;
And e'er I cou'd find means to remit his Ransom,
Another, that by Death he was releas'd.

Ped. A melancholy Truth, which, without Tears,
I ne'er can call to mind—Well dissembl'd. [*Seeming*
to weep.

D. Man. Your Sorrow's just, and well becomes a
Brother.

Alv. Truly it does, for well I knew his Worth,
And oft' with him have friendly Converse held ;
With what a filial Piety he'd praise
Your kind Indulgence, and Paternal Care !

Sure he was all cou'd make him be belov'd,
For ne'er was Man with sweeter Temper blest'd.

D. Man. Good *Alvarez*, you renew my Sorrows,
By thus relating what *Alonzo* was ;
For him my Eyes so many Tears have shed,
That my grey Hairs are owing more to them,
Far more to them, than to my Length of Years.
O ! my dear Child ! whene'er I hear him nam'd,
I feel the Father, and thus mourn his Fate. [*Weeps:*

Alv. The Anguish of your Soul sure none can blame,
Oppress'd with such a pond'rous Weight of Sorrow ;
But since 'twas so decreed, you're bound to pay
Patient Obedience to the Will of Heav'n.
Patience, in time, the Sense of Woe expels,
Oblivion then succeeds, and Grief is lost.

D. Man. Grief, such as mine, can never be forgot,
'Till it is bury'd with me in the Grave ;
Yet I will strive to bear it as I ought ;
But now I'll to my Daughter, and try once more,
How far my Int'rest with her can prevail.
Pedro, a Word with you. [*Ex. Don Manuel and Pedro.*

Alvarez solus.

Now I may reason with myself a while,
And meditate the Quæries I shall start :
Let me reflect—how !—to suspect my Friend
[*Seeming thoughtful.*
Is most unjust—was ever Friendship false ?
Yes—then why mayn't his ? Let me pause again ;
[*Musing.*

Ismena tells me she's engag'd—to whom ?
That's the Question—Thinking will make me mad.
Have I then any Grounds to judge it him ?
None but bare Surmize—yet I fear 'tis he ;
For only he has Merit to deserve her. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Don Manuel and Ismena.

D. Man. Daughter, your Conduct I begin to doubt,
Having of late remark'd you discompos'd ;
And as your Happiness is my chief Care,
Expect you'll satisfy my jealous Thoughts,
Whence this your Discontent—say, is it Love?

Ism. Love is a Passion I have banish'd hence,
[Pointing to her Breast.]

And Sorrow since has taken up its room :
The dear Remembrance of my lov'd *Alonzo*
Can never be eras'd.—All Objects now
Move me alike, indiff'rent all to me.

D. Man. As Death's the sure and common Lot
of all,

Sooner or later in the Race of Life,
We ought to bear the Sorrows it inflicts
With Steadiness becoming Minds resolv'd.
Chear up, my Child, you have a Father still
Zealously watchful to promote your Good.
And now I think I've gain'd the sought-for Point,
To see you happy e'er my Head is laid.

You know that long you have *Alvarez* held
An humble Captive in the Bonds of Love ;
And as his Worth and Merit I have weigh'd,
Do think him not unworthy of your Bed.
What say you to it—Is't not a noble Offer?

Ism. My gracious Lord, tho' as in Duty bound,
My grateful Heart returns you humble Thanks,
Yet I beseech you to forego your Choice,
To which my Inclination can't assent.
The harmless bleating Lamb, and rav'nous Wolf,
The tim'rous Hare flying the full-mouth'd Hound,
May sooner herd and blend their diff'rent Natures,
Than

10 FATAL LOVE: or,

Than I could reconcile me to approve
What offers such a Violence to my Heart.

D. Man. This Stubborneſs, and this fix'd Averſion
Can never be th' Effect of Grief alone;
Its Riſe muſt then be owing to ſome Cauſe,
Some other Cauſe than what you've yet aſſign'd;
But have a care your Dealings are ſincere,
For yet I will not think you'd play me falſe:
Tho' if you ſhou'd——attend and mark me well,
Not all the Fondneſs I towards you bear,
Not all the Strugglings of my tender Heart,
Melted by Pity and ſoft-pleading Love,
Shou'd bar me then from throwing off the Father.
Therefore take heed, and if in aught you've err'd,
Reform betimes, and be my Daughter ſtill. [*Exit.*]

Manet Iſmena.

Was e'er Condition ſo diſtreſs'd as mine?
Duty and Love alternately at ſtrife,
Now raiſe a Civil War within my Breſt.
In theſe Extremes what Meaſures ſhall I take,
Neither to err in Duty, nor in Love?
Direct me, all-propitious ruling Fate,
How I ſhall ſteer betwixt my Love and Hate.

To her Rinaldo, over-hearing her.

Rin. Hate, my *Iſmena*! Stay, my deareſt Life,
And to your fond *Rinaldo* ſtrait diſcloſe
What 'tis diſorders thus your beauteous Face;
O quickly tell me, for my boding Mind
Suggeſts to me, ſome Evil is at hand.

Iſm. Indeed there is. Prophetick are your Fears,
And, let me tell you, not without a Cauſe.
You have a Rival.—What think you of *Alvarez*?

Rin. Think, my Dear!—what do I think!—
O *Iſmena*!

Iſm. Be not diſturb'd, my Truth is ſtill the ſame,
Fixt as the *Pleiads* in their proper Spheres,

The Degenerate Brother.

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Tho he, my Father's Int'rest has engag'd,
To back his Passion and abet his Cause:
This, you may judge, I had before reveal'd,
But that some fatal Consequence I fear'd,
Wou'd have ensu'd whene'er it was disclos'd.

Rin. Patience support me! —

Ism. If you're beginning — [Turning from him.]

Rin. Can I help it? — but I am calm again.

O my Fair, your Kindness will undo me,
Destroy my Peace and blast my dearest Hopes.
A longer Waiting may subvert our Bliss,
Or by some spiteful Chance betray our Loves.
Shou'd it so happen, where then lives a Man,
A Man so lost, so wretched as *Rinaldo*?

Ism. Forbid it, all ye sacred Beings above!

Rin. Let's not by Fears anticipate our Ills,
Since thro' the Favour of the present Time,
If rightly us'd, we may provide against
Those threatening Dangers that seem coming on,
Which we, by our sudden Nuptials may prevent.

Ism. What you propound, I own, my Heart approves,
And think th' Expedient is our best Resource.

Rin. Then let to-morrow's Morn our Joys commence,
And 'gainst that time a Priest I shall prepare.
To join our Hands in *Hymen's* genial Bands;
Which done, we'll fly unto some distant Place
Out of the reach of Fortune or its Frowns;
And there seek out some rural sweet Retreat
Beneath the Shelter of a sylvan Shade,
That neighbouring to it has a murm'ring Brook
Gliding its Silver Current gently on,
So clear, that at all times may be discern'd
The shining Gravel and the pearly Shells:
The finny Fry, as numberless as Sands,
Cutting in sportive Play the limpid Stream.
Such a Retirement, my Love, as this,

Wou'd

Wou'd make us blest as the first happy Pair ;
Where we shou'd easy and contented live,
Whilst Nature's Gifts we thankfully enjoy'd.

Ism. Cou'd such a Place be met with, yet I doubt
My cruel Fortune wou'd pursue me still ;
For as revolving Years in length of Time,
Will bring old Age, when Beauty must decay,
Cloy'd with Possession, Discontent at last
May all the Lover to the Husband turn,
And sink this Fondness into cool Indiff'rence.

Rin. You wrong me much, thus to distrust *Rinaldo*.
Look down, ye Blessed, from your Realms of Light,
And witness to the solemn Vow I make :
May Want, Despair, and burning Jealousy,
May all Heav'n can devise, or Hell inflict,
With swiftest Vengeance light upon my Head :
May I be curst with my *Ismena's* Hate,
And that is all these Torments summ'd in one,
If I by Falshood ever do afflict you,
Or ever to upbraid me give you Cause.

D. Man. Ha ! is it so ? —but I shall prevent ye—
[*Behind.*

Ism. I'm satisfy'd—You've set my Mind at ease.
Our Nuptials o'er, you shall direct the Way,
Where we unheard of may securely stay,
And taste the Sweets of a retir'd Life,
Free from alarming Fears and anxious Strife.

[*Exeunt.*

Don Manuel comes forward.

D. Man. Is't come to this ? and am I then abus'd ?
Is't thus my fond Indulgence is repaid ?
'Treach'rous *Ismena*—What's then to be done ? —

[*Musing.*

I've thought—It likes me well—She shall be match'd,
And at her Time—but 'tis to *Alvarez*,
And no Intreaties shall dissuade me from it.
Tho ne'er so private Plots are closely laid,

Yet

The Degenerate Brother. 13

Yet by some Chance they're frequently betray'd ;
And their Contrivers, when they're least aware,
Are often caught themselves in their own Snare. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Dressing-Room in Don Manuel's Castle.

Ifmena sola.

How wav'ring is the Mind with Fears oppress'd,
Dissatisfy'd and restless in its Choice !
The Present pleases and delights a while,
But then the Future cancels that Content.
A thousand Thoughts now croud on me at once :
[*Seeming thoughtful.*]

Let me consider them—but 'tis too late.
Too late indeed to think of a Retreat :
My Promise to *Rinaldo* now is past,
Whose Merit is so great, that if I cou'd,
With Justice, or with Honour disengage me,
My Inclination never wou'd consent.
Then 'tis resolv'd—I must and will be just,
My Fame he shall protect—for I'm assur'd,
My Father, when he finds himself deceiv'd,
Will blacken me to the censorious World,
That Rock on which most likely it may split.
The very Thought brings Tears into my Eyes.
[*Weeps.*]

But here's my Sister——

Enter Lucina.

How fares *Lucina* ?

Luc. Well, I thank you—I wish you were so too.
What mean those Tears ? [*Observing her weeping.*]

Ism. Mean ! O what shou'd they mean !
But sore Affliction and excessive Sorrow,
Which lend this kindly Show'r to ease my Mind,
Left

Lest a dry Grief shou'd stupify me quite:
Better it is my Weakness thus have Vent,
Than sink beneath the Lethargy of Woe.

Luc. Tears, I allow, do often yield Relief,
But I'm as yet a Stranger to their Cause,
Unless it be my Father's hard Command,
T'accept the Proffer of *Alvarez*' Love.

Ism. You've hit it right—And sure that's Cause enough.

O *Lucina*!

Luc. What wou'd you?

Ism. Can you be secret?

Luc. Yes, as the Grave itself.

Ism. Then I'll trust you—

You know, I've told you of *Rinaldo*'s Love,
And often ask'd your Sentiments thereon;
Which you still gave so much in his behalf,
They by degrees rais'd the like Thoughts in me.
Whilst in my Mind he so improv'd his Worth,
That, dear *Lucina*, blushing let me tell it,
He has at last so far on me prevail'd,
The Priest to-morrow is to make us one.

Luc. Have you the Consequence consider'd well?
Weigh it again before 'tis past Recall;
For much I dread, my Father, when 'tis known,
Will be so far incens'd, he'll never be appeas'd.

Ism. Whate'er's my Fate, my Soul is fully bent
Never to wrong *Rinaldo*'s gen'rous Love.
The Claim of Right my Person to dispose
By Law and Nature's due to me alone;
Whenever Parents break into those Bounds,
I do conceive, no Duty binds us then.

Luc. What you assert, carries such Reason in it,
As must convince, where Reason can convince,
That Parents shou'd not Nature's Rules subvert:

'Tis we must suffer, when compell'd to join
Ourselves to those we know our Hearts decline;
The

The Degenerate Brother.

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The Miser never looks beyond his Gold,
When his poor Child is to be bought and sold:
So Settlements with Fortune do agree,
No matter what the dull Companion be. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Rinaldo's House.

Enter Rinaldo and Pedro severally.

Ped.  E L L met, *Rinaldo*—What says *Cleone*?
Must I with ling'ring Patience longer
wait,
Before I know how she has fixt my
Doom?

My Heart, prepar'd the Sentence to receive,
Is all resign'd, let it be what it will.

Rin. It glads me much to see you thus dispos'd,
For when your Cause I to my Sister prefs'd,
Strait a swift Crimson overspread her Face,
Which presently turn'd pale, then flush'd again;
But still I urg'd it, and she still repell'd
My utmost Reasons with her Pray'rs and Tears:
Finding at length that those cou'd not prevail,
To her Resentment such a Loose she gave,
As seem'd a strong Aversion to express.

Ped. You have convey'd a Sting into my Breast,
Whose active Venom shoots into my Blood,
The deeper, as I strive to draw it forth.
O, that I once cou'd loose me from her Hold,
I ne'er wou'd be again this supple Slave!
But that's impossible, for on th'Attempt,
My Passions mutiny, and take her part:
What boots it then with Reason to be blest,
Since at their pleasure it may be depos'd?

Rin. Not except our selves sustain their Force,
Which,

Which by our not suppressing it at first,
Will gather to a Head, too strong for Rule;
'Tis then we think not of a secret Agent,
Who governeth all Actions and Events:
If you'd reflect on this, you'd be resign'd,
And wait some lucky Change.

Ped. You argue well—

But where there's Love—who is't can bear suspense?
Suspence! —'tis almost equal to Despair!
And yet I must love on, I must submit:
Nature's first Law was Love—'twas Fate's Decree,
And all the Universe obeys the God.

Rin. You say right, all to that God-head yield;
Even my Sister, so estrang'd to you,
Is not so cold, nor yet insensible,
As by her late Demeanour she'd be thought.

Ped. To whom?

Rin. *Alvarez.*

Ped. *Alvarez*, say you?

Is it for him she treats me with this scorn?
Furies and Fiends in Whirlwinds snatch him hence,
And soar with him above the nether Main,
Aloft in Air, as it is deep below;
Then darting downward with infernal Wings,
Leave him on some uninhabitable Coast,
Where she nor I may never see him more.

Rin. Fie, my Friend, do you own yourself a Man,
And yet put on the Nature of a Brute?
Come, come, dear *Pedro*, be more just and wise,
And stem this Torrent of impetuous Rage.

Ped. Justice, Wisdom, Reason too is vain,
(Tho that perhaps may make it ebb one Hour)
But then the next, like a Spring-Tide, 'twill flow
With greater Force.—My Passion is too strong
In Reason's narrow Bounds to be confin'd.

Ren. Can any one, vers'd in the World like you,
So grossly think, and judge so vastly wrong?
Is she not Woman?—fickle,—wav'ring still,

Like

Like *Proteus* then, as variously pursue,
And if you don't succeed, confide in me.

Ped. I question not your Friendship, but your Power;
And yet on that alone I must rely.
Those flatt'ring Hopes, that drew me by degrees
Into the downy Snare of soft Desires,
All fly me now, and leave me to Despair.

Rin. No more of this.—Sure you forget yourself.
As well as you, this Passion I confess,
But then I have a Mind so well dispos'd,
That all my Actions are by Prudence rul'd.
'Tis easier far to give than take advice. [Aside]

Ped. Were I as happy in *Cleone's* Love,
As you, I find, in your *Ismena's* are;
Then I might be the Master of myself.
But you, *Rinaldo*, know not what it is
To feel the raging Torments I endure:
For Love to you a Heaven, to me is Hell.

Rin. True, in *Ismena*, Beauty, Love and Truth,
Virtue, and Friendship, ev'ry thing that's good,
To make me happy to my Wish, unite.
O how th' engaging Fair exerts her Charms,
Whene'er I'm with her chearful Converse blest!
What heav'nly Sweetness and inviting Smiles,
Play in her Face, and brighten in her Eyes!

Ped. Love, I confess, in all these pleasing Forms
At first appears, the better to beguile;
But on the trial of the fancy'd Bliss,
Too oft we prove, how faithless are its Joys.
So does a beauteous Mead, with Verdure spread,
Appear delightful to the distant view;
But when we come to tread the grassy Plain,
We sometimes find the Turf deceitful is,
And let's us sink in Dangers unforeseen.

Rin. What do you mean by starting Hints like these?
A sudden Heaviness steals on my Heart:
Yet what can I fear? *Ismena's* Safety?
That Thought alone gives me ten thousand Fears.

Ped. If thus from meer Surmizes you're alarm'd,
How will you stand the Test, when I impart
That which, no doubt, will much your Temper shake?

Rin. I comprehend you not—explain yourself.

Ped. My Father, jealous of *Ismena's* Conduct,
Thro' the late Treatment she *Alvarez* gave,
On all her Motions kept a watchful Eye,
And the last time ye met, himself conceal'd
Behind the Arras of her Apartment,
Where he your secret Purposes o'erheard ;
Which being known, he's resolutely bent
To give her up an Off'ring to his Arms.

Rin. What do I hear?—You've struck me to the Soul,
Like Light'ning thro' me the Reflection shoots.
'Tis true, she told me he my Rival was,
And that her Father favour'd his Address ;
But then I little thought he wou'd have been
So suddenly confirm'd in his Resolves.
O where is now my wonted Strength of Mind,
That us'd to quell all rebel Passions in me !
Hold, hold, my Brain, and Reason keep your Seat.
Don't my Looks shew some Mischief shaping there,
Which when, and where, and how to bring about,
Must be digested well?—It shall be so. [*Musing.*

Ped. What shall be so?—tell me, good *Rinaldo*.
And if to aid you 'tis within my power,
My Hand, my Heart, my Life's at your command;

Rin. I thank you, *Pedro*, and embrace your Offer.
This then's the Scheme that I was brooding o'er :
You shall privately inform *Alvarez*
How far I with *Ismena* am engag'd,
And set my Actions in what Light you please,
To raise his Jealousy and fire his Rage.
'This will work in him, till, in Self-defence,
Some plausible Occasion shall present,
To reach his Life, or sacrifice my own.

Ped. A lucky Thought.—I'll do't.—leave it to me:
None but a *Machiavel* cou'd thus devise ;

For

For if he falls, we yet may happy be,
You in *Ismena's*, I in *Cleone's* Arms.

Rin. No doubt we may.—So let us hope the best.
Be still, my Heart, but yet a little while,
Fate may To-morrow more propitious smile. [*Exit.*]

Manet Pedro.

Ped. He's gone! but knows me not.—And what
of that?

Since in my Breast a Conscience does abide
That knows me well, and inward draws my Eyes,
To mark the flagrant Deeds which I have done.
None ever yet attain'd to such a Pitch
Of Villany, never to feel Remorse.

The Peace of Mind which once I did enjoy,
That blessed Peace, I ne'er shall taste again.
O Conscience! Conscience! will you never rest?

I'm all a Hell within, yet can't repent,
And what is worse, must still in Guilt go on;

For tho' I wou'd repent me of my Crimes,
I know not how nor where I shou'd begin:

This is my State, and yet I must proceed,
Till I have run in Evil my full Course.

So let me ponder on *Rinaldo's* Scheme. [*Musing.*]

Shou'd the Success not answer my Intent,
Or shou'd he chance to drop?—the Consequence?

Cleone's lost, and with her all my Hopes:

Yet I the Plan concerted must pursue,
Let Fate do with me as it shall think fit.

Next for *Alonzo*,—for I'm well assur'd

By secret Spies, who all his Motions watch,
His Ransom's paid, and he's returning home;

Who to my Father will such things unfold,
As certain Ruin on my Head must bring:

For which he dies.—

My Nature starts within me at the Thought;
But I am gone so far, I can't retreat.

As by degrees from long, tho' gentle Rains,
Great Floods arise and overflow the Plains ;
So Men from little Faults to great proceed,
Guilt grows on Guilt, and Crimes do Crimes suc-
ceed. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Garden to Don Manuel's Castle.

*Enter Don Manuel to Alvarez walking in a melan-
choly Posture.*

D. Man. How's this, *Alvarez*? What!—with
Arms a-crofs,
When all things seem to promise you Success?
Of my Intent my Daughter is inform'd.

Alv. Most joyful Tidings to a Heart like mine.
But how, my Lord, did she receive the News?
I fear, not well; for when I have complain'd
In Words so soft, and in such moving Terms,
As would have touch'd the most obdurate Breast,
I always such disdainful Treatment met,
That she e'en scorn'd to vouch me a Denial.

D. Man. Nor shall she; for before to-morrow's
Sun
Has finish'd half its Course, she shall be yours.

Alv. To swelling Sounds let *Iò-Pæans* rise,
And with collected Breath proclaim my Joy,
Till farthest Echo catch the bounding Voice,
Or else returns it in distinct Repeats:
To-morrow! To-morrow! auspicious Day!
O let it come—Time, mend your tardy Pace,
And in each Minute let an Hour pass
Till it arrives, then lengthen Time again,
And let a Minute seem a long, long Hour.

D. Man. Her small Desert your gen'rous Soul
o'er-rates;
But as the Benefit is most her own, I

The Degenerate Brother.

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I trust she'll learn to make you full amends:

Alv. Yes, yes, her Charms shall make me full amends.
O how my Fancy roves!—methinks already
I have her struggling in my folded Arms,
Panting and out of breath to break my Hold,
Whilst her bright Tresses loose and unattir'd,
Spread o'er the Beautys of her snowy Neck:
The friendly Tapers to my ravish'd view,
The Falls and Risings of her Breasts display,
And all the sweet Disorder of her Face.

D. Man. No more, *Alvarez*, of these romantick
Flights;

I've something now to ask you, which demands
More serious Temper, and a Mind sedate.

Alv. I stand reprov'd, and own I am to blame
To loose my Tongue, whate'er I did my Thoughts.

D. Man. Discreetly said.—but let us to the Point.
When saw you last your Friend, I mean *Rinaldo*?
Do you take him for a Man of Honour?

Alv. I never question'd that.—Why do you ask?

D. Man. Because his Friendship's false, and he's a
Villain,
If being your secret Rival makes him so.

Alv. How, my Lord! false, said you?—false!—
false to me?

Impossible! I cannot think it of him;
Of him, my Soul by sympathy so lov'd,
I scarce was more *Alvarez*, than *Rinaldo*.
Yet let me think—

[*Pausing.*

To them Lucina.

D. Man. What is your Business here? [*To Lucina.*

Luc. Your Pardon, my Lord.

D. Man. Leave us then.

Luc. What means all this?

I'll stand aside, and listen to their Talk. [*Aside.*
She stands apart.

Alv. In the last Converse we together held,

C 3

When

When I, suspecting nought, reveal'd my Love;
 He seem'd concern'd.—What could occasion that?
 Why Jealousy—Self-conscious Jealousy.
 Ha! it must be so.—I now begin to see it;
 I feel it too.—It wrings my very Heart,
 And I can bear no more.—no! nor will I.
 Fury, Revenge, and mortal Hatred now
 Fill my whole Breast, where like fierce Fires pent up,
 They struggle for a Vent; till Whirlwind like,
 They force their way, and spread some mighty Ruin.

D. Man. If meer Conjecture makes you thus impatient,

How will you stand the Test of what's behind?
O' Alvarez, dispose yourself to hear
 A Tale, fraught with such foul Ingratitude—
 But hold!—e'er I venture to unfold it to you,
 I first expect you'll give to me your Promise,
 To hear with Patience what I have to say.

Alv. If it is possible, I will.

D. Man. Then thus it is:

Having of late took notice that *Ismena*
 Receiv'd *Rinaldo's* Visits with a Freedom
 Far different from what she shew'd to you;
 That, with her strange Aversion to your Suit,
 Made me with Caution to conceal myself
 Where I might see and note what 'twixt them pass'd.
 When to my great surprize I heard their Vows,
 Their strict Engagements to each other made,
 Which concluded in this Resolution,
 To fly with him to-morrow from her home.

Alv. Ha! to-morrow! to-morrow!—fly her home!

D. Man. be not dismay'd—I'll frustrate their Designs:

My Word is past, and I will be obey'd.

Alv. Am I awake? or are my Senses doz'd?
 Who cou'd believe in such a specious Form
 A Villain lurk'd—

D. Man.

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D. Man. There's nothing new in that.
Villains and Traytors and false Friends arise,
In ev'ry Place——Examples such as these
Make us grow wise, and give not too much Faith.

Alv. And so they ought——O I can't contain me!
My Honour's now as well as Love concern'd,
And that's as nice as is a Virgin's Fame.
To slake my Thirst of Vengeance then I'll go,
A Friend, when injur'd, proves the greatest Foe.
[Exit.

Luc. I've heard enough—poor *Ismena*!
[Apart, and Exit.

Manet Don Manuel.

Stay *Alvarez*——ha! gone! ——where were my
Thoughts?

That cou'd not be assur'd that thus 'twou'd be,
Whene'er this secret Story came to light.
What's to be done, the Danger to avert?
To use Persuasion in a Cause like this,
Wou'd make his Passion but flame out the more;
Therefore some surer means I must pursue.
Ye Guardian Pow'rs o'er our frail State below,
Who see the Past, the Future, and the Now,
Assist me with your all-protecting Care,
To ward th' Effects of Fury and Despair. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Chamber in Don Manuel's House.

Enter Ismena and Lucina.

Ism. What think you now, *Lucina*, of my Tears?

Luc. Alas you've Cause to apprehend the worst.

Ism. I have indeed——'spight of my Pray'rs and
Tears,

My rig'rous Father's adamantine Heart

Is still resolv'd on this detested Match;
 But rather than I'll ever condescend
 To break my Contract with good *Rinaldo*,
 I'd suffer all the Tortures of the Wheel,
 'Till Death depriv'd me of the Sense of Pain.

Luc. Matchless Truth! —but tell me, dear *Ismena*,
 How comes it that you thus are prepossess'd
 Against *Alvarez*, as you seem to be?

Ism. You know, my Love and Hate I've often
 own'd;

(But who for their Effects cou'd e'er account?)

Cou'd you, *Lucina*, (say my State was yours.)

Assent to such a Rape upon your Will?

Sure no——In such a tender point as this,

Our Happiness shou'd be our only View, at least

By free Consent it ought to be approv'd.

Luc. When it's propos'd to me, or I'm inclin'd
 To quit my Freedom for Connubial Bonds,
 My Soul at once my Hand and heart shall give:
 I never will bestow myself by Halves.

Ism. As my relentless Fate wou'd do by me.

Alas, upon a Precipice I stand,

My Senses dizzy grow —— [Leaning on *Lucina*.

Luc. How are you now?

Ism. Much sick at Heart.

Luc. Then I dare not tell you.

Ism. What, my Sister?

Luc. What will much affect you.

Therefore I'll wave it to some other Time,

When you may better be prepar'd to hear it.

Ism. By our Loves, I beg you'll tell me now.

Luc. I'd rather be excus'd;—but since you insist
 on't,

Rally your Spirits, and collect your Strength,

Your Reason, Courage, all to stand it out.

Ism. Go on—for I'm prepar'd to hear you.

Luc. If so, I will——when last you met *Rinaldo*,
 My Father overheard his solemn Vows,

Your

Your purpos'd Nuptials, and propos'd Escape,
And to *Alvarez* has the whole disclos'd;
Who hardly crediting what then he heard,
His wav'ring Soul oppress'd with Doubts and Fears,
By turns was tost, just as a Ship at Sea,
Betwixt encount'ring Tides and rising Storms:
But ruminating on some farther Proofs,
He lost his Reason, and his Passion reign'd,
'Till he grew mad, and rav'd to such degree,
That Vengeance and Revenge was all his Cry.
This in our Garden I both saw and heard.

Ism. Now Fate has done its worst—O *Lucina*!
A chilling Damp, like Death, o'er spreads my Face,
And dim blue Vapours swim before my Eyes.

[*Sinking into Lucina's Arms.*

Luc. Compose yourself——indeed could I have
thought,
That what I said, wou'd this Effect have had,
I shou'd have kept it still within my Breast.
But see, my Father—I must take my Leave.
Be circumspect in what you say or do. [Exit.

Manet Ismena. To her Don Manuel.

D. Man. What means this Shew of Sorrow? why
these Tears?

Th'Effect of Disobedience, or of Art;
Which you, like other Women, I suppose,
When any thing your humour contradicts,
Can as you please command—but think not that I am
By such poor Practices to be amus'd.
You know my Mind—Dare not to cross my Will.

Ism. My Lord, consider, e'er it is too late,
The Mis'ries that this Union may attend:
For Pity's sake, O pause a little while,
E'er you your Daughter's Ruin do confirm.
Thus humbly on my Knees let me implore [Kneels.
That want of Duty ne'er may stain my Life,

Nor

Nor let the World have reason to arraign,
Or censure your Commands.

D. Man. Rise, *Ismena*——— [Raising her.

Nor that, nor you shall ever me controll.
So if my Blessing, or my Love y'expect,
By your Obedience prove that you deserve it.

Ism. This hard Injunction sits most heavy here.

[Pointing to her Breast.

Your former Kindness us'd not thus to treat
The Darling of your Age, for so you term'd me;
When with uplifted Hands in fervent Pray'r,
You'd often call down Blessings on my Head.
That was a time indeed, when, if I made
The least Complaint, you lent a gracious Ear:
But now how chang'd! O that I live to see it!

D. Man. The Favours that you mention, were conferr'd

On one I thought as innocent as fair;
On one unartful and without Disguise,
On one who knew her Duty to her Father.
But now the Mirror of Reflection's held,
That shews the dark Recesses of your Mind;
Black with Ingratitude and Disobedience,
To me y'appear no more like what you was.

Ism. Forbear, my Lord, forbear those killing Words,
Nor tax my Virtue, or my Duty thus,
Which never yet severest Censure fear'd.

D. Man. Tell me th'Occasion then of all this Grief;
For to your Conduct I no Stranger am.

Ism. Since it is so——— Silence becomes me best.

D. Man. A fullen Silence lessens not your Guilt;
Therefore without Reserve I charge you say,
How stand Affairs betwixt you and *Rinaldo*?

Ism. What shall I do? It is in vain to strive
Longer to hide the Wishes of my Soul. [Aside.
'Tis true I love, and in it hope to find [To him.
All Happiness that such a State can yield.
Shou'd we be forc'd never to meet again,

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'Twould be with us, as with two Bosom-Friends,
Unjustly doom'd to ignominious Death,
Who take ten thousand ling'ring, last Farewels,
And feel more than its Pangs before they part.

D. Man. It is enough—yet hear my full Resolve:
On this depend, if you my Choice refuse,
Or further with *Rinaldo* do proceed,
With Indignation I'll expel you hence,
Let what will be, and never own you more.

Ism. Has Pity lost its mighty Pow'r to move,
(A Sense, paternal Nature ever felt)
That all my mournful Sorrows can't incline you,
To weigh my Suff'rings with a Parent's Love?
Cou'd you then see me with a broken Heart,
The helpless Relict of your dear *Alonzo*?
Wretched, wand'ring, and forsook by all,
Except th' insulting Rabble at my heels:
And as pinching Need of Thirst or Hunger,
Shall make me seek Relief from Door to Door,
Perhaps receive hard Language and Reproach,
Instead of Succour to supply my Wants.
Then after all the Mis'ries of the Day,
Soon as th' unwholesome Night brings on its Dews,
Under some dropping Eve, or leaf-less Hedge,
Shiv'ring and almost starv'd with piercing Cold,
Repose my weary Limbs, with Toil fatigu'd.
Cou'd you see this, and not receive me in,
Because I cannot quit my plighted Faith?
O! cou'd you do it? for it so may prove,
If e'er *Rinaldo* shou'd, like you, forsake me.

D. Man. You won't obey me then? [*Mildly.*

Ism. What shall I say?

Assist me, female Cunning, for a while;
But if that fails, a kindly Potion won't. [*Aside.*
My Lord, I'll endeavour to do my best, [*To him.*
Give me but Time my Passion to o'ercome.

D. Man. Come to my Arms, you are again my
Child,

And

And thus I take you home unto my Heart ;

[*Embracing her.*

As, when the Storm is o'er, the Sky appears
Calm and serene ; and dissipates our Fears,
So does Forgiveness, now our Strife is past,
Restore m' Affection, which shall ever last. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Rinaldo's House.

Enter Cleone and Julia.

Cleo.



Y dearest *Julia*, this is kindly done,
To bear me Company in my Distress,
And with such soft Concern to sooth
my Grief :

Am I not alter'd much from what I was,
Before that fatal Enemy, call'd Love,
Usurp'd my Heart and robb'd me of my Peace ?

Jul. Yes, yes, *Cleone*, you indeed are chang'd ;
But who wou'd think that it were possible,
A Passion, which by Nature was design'd
To make us happy, shou'd its Course invert,
And to the World such wond'rous Ills create ?

Cleo. 'Tis all the Business of the wanton Boy
To roam from Breast to Breast to try his Pow'r,
Regardless of the Joys or Pains, which he
With his two diff'rent Darts at random gives.
Unerring Archer, was there none but me ?
No Heart but mine to set up for your Mark ?
But all my Efforts and Complaints are vain,
His Arrow's shot, nor can the healing Race
Assuage the burning Fever in my Soul ;
For whilst with Tears I try to quench the Flame,
My Sighs, like gentle Zephyrs, fan the Fire.
'Tis a Disease for which there is no Cure,

Nor is it given us to love or hate
Just where we list—and now as I wou'd speak
The fatal Name, so baneful to my Rest,
The Accent cleaves unto my fault'ring Tongue,
Which flutters when I strive to say—*Alvarez.*

Jul. How! your Brother's Rival!

Cleo. The Secret's out,
Which long has labour'd in my love-sick Breast;
When first I saw him, I with Pleasure gaz'd;
And as I look'd, and thought him more than Man,
Insensibly th' Infection on me seiz'd,
And swift as Lightning thro' my Blood it shot,
Whilst conscious Blushes dy'd my bashful Cheeks;
But yet from him my Frailty I have hid,
Unless 't has broke a Passage thro' my Eyes,
And so the Sent'ments of my Heart betray'd.

Jul. Indeed I'm pleas'd you so discreet have been,
Since he, with Honour, can make no Return;
For it is whisper'd (as I've been inform'd)
He's suddenly t' espouse the fair *Ismena.*

Cleo. Alas! my dear, I fear 'tis but too true:
And that's the Cause, the Cause of all my Pain.

Jul. Excuse me, if with Freedom I advise you,
Suppress this Passion, and let Reason rule.

Cleo. Talk not of Reason, I've no Reason left,
That can the Force of mighty Love reduce:
Your Heart is free, you never yet have felt
The fiery God within your youthful Veins;
To you his Power's unknown; he's absolute,
And wherefoe'er he reigns, will be obey'd.

Jul. I can't conceive what 'tis that you propose,
By giving way unto this fruitless Love,
Since nought but Mis'ry can e'er await it.

Cleo. Too true, too well I know it, but what then?
My Love is such, that were we to exist,
And know each other in a future State,
Not ev'n Death could blot him from my Mind.

Jul. Fie, *Cleone*, more like a Woman act;

Change,

Change, and change as Prudence shall advise,
Rather than let this Weakness grow upon you.

Cleo. I wish I cou'd, you counsel like a Friend.
As Fire and Water are of common Use,
And in their kinds essential for Support ;
So is a Friend, just such a Friend as you ;
The Joys of Life are heighten'd by a Friend ;
The Woes of Life are lessen'd by a Friend ;
In all the Cares of Life, we by a Friend
Assistance find—who'd be without a Friend ?

Jul. Who wou'd indeed ?——and as you think me
such,
In all your Suff'rings I must bear a Part ;
So will again my last Advice repeat,
Put off this Passion, and compose yourself ;
But here your Brother comes—I'll wait on you a-
gain. [Exit.]

Manet Cleone. To her Rinaldo and Pedro.

Rin. Sister, I'm glad that I have met you here,
For I have something to you to propose,
That very much your Welfare does concern.

Cleo. If it so much imports me, as you say,
A private Conference wou'd suit us best ;
Besides, I now must beg to be excus'd. [Going.]

Rin. Where are you going ? come back, *Cleone.*
[She returns.]

Cleo. I dare not stay.

Rin. Why ? see you aught in me,
That has a colour of the least Unkindness ?

Cleo. No, *Rinaldo*, and hope I never shall ;
For let me speak it with a grateful Heart,
Your mild Indulgence and fraternal Care,
Has still supply'd a tender Father's Place.

Rin. Do you sincerely think so ?

Cleo. Believe me, I do ;
For all your Words and Deeds to me have giv'n
The

The Degenerate Brother.

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The most convincing Proofs, that you have been
A trusty Guardian, and a faithful Friend.

Rin. If you wou'd have me credit what you say,
Look on the Suff'rings of this worthy Man.

[*Presenting Pedro.*

Cleo. Why will you shock me thus? to press a
thing,

With which, you know, I never can comply :
I can't but say it is not like *Rinaldo*.

Rin. Have a care—you know not what you do.
By being obstinate, provoke me not ; [She weeps.
Nay, do not weep, for Tears will not avail :
I've spoke my Meaning, to which you must assent,
If that hereafter you expect to find me
The same kind Brother you have ever done. [Exit.

Manent Cleone and Pedro.

Cleo. Think you these Measures, Sir, will e'er pre-
vail?

Or that a Brother's Arbitrary Pow'r
Can ever make me to your Wishes bend ;
For Love by Nature of itself is free,
And, let me tell you, will not be compell'd ;
Methods like these, you'll find, in vain will prove,
And more Aversion than Respect create.

Ped. All this I grant—but judge not yet so hard,
Neither believe I entertain'd a Thought,
So much unworthy of the Man, who hopes
To find an Int'rest in *Cleone's* Heart.

Cleo. Do you deny it then?—han't you basely,
Stung by Repulses, to my Brother flew,
And caus'd a variance 'twixt him and me,
The kindest Pair that ever Mother bore. [Weeps.
Han't you done this, to force me if you cou'd?
Yes, yes, you have, for which my Soul detests thee.

Ped. Madam, you wrong me much, my Love and
Honour too
Abhor such mean Designs, and base Proceedings ;

I

I came to breathe unalterable Vows,
To press my ardent Longings at your Feet,
In hopes my Suff'rings might your Pity move :
But since this seeming Cause has giv'n Offence,
I here disclaim all Power, but of Love.

Cleo. Ay, now you've found the way to my Esteem ;
For this, if e'er I can my Heart command,
Without Compulse, I may be out of debt ;
But then I must insist upon your Word,
Never to mention more your Suit to me,
'Till, as I wou'd, I can your Love reward.

Ped. Your Will in all things *Pedro* shall obey.

Cleo. I doubt it not, and to approve its Truth,
I have a slender Favour now to ask ;
Which is, that strait you to my Brother go,
And close the Breach of which you was the Cause.
Let me not wait too long before I know
How much *Cleone* is oblig'd to *Pedro*.

Ped. Madam, I obey.

[Exit.

Manet Cleone.

So frank and free he seem'd, I almost think,
That in dissembling I've not acted right ;
(Since 'tis at last my Purpose to deceive him)
Yet on my Conduct I'd not have a Blot,
Nor have it said in aught I've done amiss ;
But of two Evils, when we're forc'd to chuse,
We take the least, the greater to refuse.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Garden to Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Rinaldo to Ismena weeping.

Rin. My dear *Ismena*, whence these alter'd Looks ;
These falling Tears to dash my rising Joys ;
Those Eyes, which us'd with the most chearful Light
To sparkle on me as I made Approach,

With

With smiling Sweetness and endearing Welcome,
Were not thus wonted to receive *Rinaldo*.
Why are they now o'ercharg'd with humid Sorrows;
Seeming to speak some inward Discontent?

Ism. Alas! *Rinaldo*! ——— [Sighs.]

Rin. What means that Sigh?

Ism. It is for you.

Rin. For me! am I the Cause?

Ism. Yes, the innocent Cause.

Rin. O, my *Ismena*! say in what respect.

Ism. My Father, *Rinaldo*! my Father!

Rin. What of him?

Ism. In our last Conference our Vows o'erheard;
Our purpos'd Nuptials and intended Flight,
Which to obstruct he strongly does insist,
That I resolve against to-morrow's Noon
To give me up a Victim to *Alvarez*.

Rin. Shield me, *Ismena*, shield me from my Fears;
Which on me flow so fast, and grow so strong,
I have not Words to say what they suggest.

Ism. Tho' much these Apprehensions speak your
Love,

Yet surely you've no cause to doubt of mine:
Think you the Promise I to Heav'n have made,
Never to give my Hand but to *Rinaldo*;
Think you, I say, that ever Interest,
Or any other Motive cou'd induce me
To break my plighted Vows to Heav'n and you?
I can't help saying 'twas unkindly done,
To seem my Love or Constancy to doubt.

Rin. My Doubts and Fears are only Signs of Love;
And 'tis as natural to fear as hope;
Since the first Breath, that whispers the least Cause
Of Jealousy, may in a Lover's Breast
Raise such a Storm, may wreck his Peace for ever.
How can you then, *Ismena*, blame my Fear,
A Fear so dreadful as the Loss of you?
As what's most precious we're afraid to lose,

So thou, my Soul's Desire, dearer than Life,
 Than Health, than Wealth, than Liberty or Sight,
 Or all the other Blessings of this World,
 Must fill me full of anxious Thoughts and Fears.

Ism. When Faults and Virtues are so mix'd in Man,
 That he in general is approv'd by all,
 The good Intent may justly plead Excuse;
 And as there's none, thro' Frailty, without Fault,
 My easy Faith implicitly believes
 Whate'er you say, and speaks in your Behalf.

Rin. Thou wond'rous Goodness, Darling of my
 Life,
 My All this World can give, my Heav'n on Earth,
 Let me enclose thee in my eager Arms,
 And on thy Bosom sigh my Life away.
 Believe me, my *Ismena*, O! believe me,
 If e'er I stray to seek out other Charms,
 Or even wander from thee in my Thoughts,
 May all my Days in Bitterness be spent,
 And fell Remorse gnaw on my perjur'd Soul.

Ism. Worthy *Rinaldo*, how shall I speak thy Praise?
 Thy Honour, Truth, and thy illustrious Virtues,
 Are amidst thousands eminently bright:
 O! may I live to make you but amends,
 I ask no more of Fate.

Rin. Enough, my Dear.
 Now let us, whilst our kinder Fortune smiles,
 Prepare to meet the Priest I have engag'd,
 To-morrow's Morn our Bridals to compleat,
 Lest envious Chance shou'd baffle our Designs.

Ism. Too well, you know, with me you still prevail,
 So soft's my Nature, and sincere's my Love,
 Your Reasons I no longer can resist:
 There's my Hand, and with it take my Heart,

[Giving her Hand.]

I now am your's—Heaven grant we ne'er repent.

Rin. With greater Transport than a Wretch condemn'd

The Degenerate Brother.

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To suffer Death, a Pardon does obtain,
Thus I receive the Blessing of your Hand ; [Kissing
her Hand

Which shall confirm the Union of our Souls,
And fix our mutual Happiness for ever.

Ism. I hope it will—yet something gives me Fear,
I know not what—but I will chace it hence,
Since I'm assur'd I never shall have cause
To deem you false, or say you are unkind.

Rin. No, my Soul's Idol, you shall never have
The least Occasion to complain of me ;
Nature shall change, and all to Chaos turn,
The Sun shall cease to shine, and Fire to burn ;
The Stars shall lose their Influence above,
E'er I my dear *Ismena* cease to love. [Exeunt

S C E N E III.

Walks before Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Rinaldo and Pedro severally.

Rin. *Pedro*, what News?—have you seen *Alvarez*;
And fir'd his Soul with tormenting Jealousy ?
If you have not, I'd rather it shou'd rest,
'Till he himself shall the Occasion seek ;
Soon as he hears I've made *Ismena* mine,
(As 'tis agreed I shall to-morrow's Morn.)

Ped. I from my Heart rejoice at your Success,
And tho' I have not met with him as yet,
I shan't be backward to assist your Cause.
He may your Views defeat, since they are known;
By th'Ascendance he has o'er my Father ;
Besides, to Friendship he has been unjust,
Or he never would have held from you
The Interest on which he fram'd his Hopes :
Therefore your Calmness I must disapprove,
And still advise you to pursue the Scheme
Which we resolv'd on to prevent his Aim.

D 2

Come,

Come, come, you must not, shall not stave it off.
To prove how much your Interest I prize,
I'll work the Scene, and by it stand or fall.

Rin. Well then, do as you will.

Ped. Now I like you,
And won't be long before I find you means
To right yourself—but more of this hereafter.
In Beauty's Cause a Suitor now I come:
The fair *Cleone*, being sensible
That her late Conduct gave you some Offence,
By me solicits for a Reconcilement.
Cou'd you but see how moving were her Tears,
You'd fly to take her to your Arms again.

Rin. On slight Occasions I was never us'd
To take Offence, nor hasty to condemn,
But rather stay to see, if by Attonement
For what was past, and by her future Conduct,
She gives no farther room for my Displeasure.
How does she now behave?

Ped. When you was gone, as in a saffron Morn,
When Orient Beams first gild the Eastern Sky,
The dewy Spangles wet the blushing Rose,
'Till the Sun's Rays exhale them quite away;
So pearly Tears, th'Effect of smother'd Grief,
Stole from her Eyes, and bath'd her lovely Face;
Until my Promise to reconcile you to her,
Warm'd her with Comfort, and so dry'd them up.
'Twas then, with Joy she bid me to be gone,
T'inform you she no more disputes your Will.

Rin. Henceforth we Brothers are, as well as Friends.
Cleone's yours; take, take the gentle Maid,
And wear her next your Heart, and with her take
That Sum, tho' slender, which her Fortune brings.
Had she the *Indies*, you are worthy of them.

Ped. Those I despise, with her I'm full content:
Peru and *Mexico* to her are Trifles
Not worthy to be nam'd——Possessing her,
Contracts Desire, and bounds my utmost Wish.

Rin.

The Degenerate Brother. 37

Rin. Where shall we find such gen'rous Love as yours?

For in this fordid mercenary World,
Fortune is more Man's Aim, than Beauty's Charms.

Ped. True, *Rinaldo*; tempting Gold alone,
In this our Age more Marriages compleats
Than Virtue, Merit, or the Force of Love.
'Tis not th'external Sweetness of the Face,
Th'inward Excellence of a virtuous Mind,
The just Behaviour, or the graceful Mien,
With all th'Endowments Nature can bestow,
Can please the Wretch whose Riches are his God,
Who'd rather ransack *Indian* Mines for Gold,
Than revel in some matchless Beauty's Arms:
For which, may he ne'er taste the Joys it yields,
But as a *Midas*, wallowing in his Store,
Like him be curst amidst his Heaps of Wealth.
But I forget——'tis time to seek *Alvarez*.
If aught occurs, a Conference requires,
Where shall I find you?

Rin. At my Sister's Apartment.

Ped. With Pleasure I shall wait upon you there.
[Exit.]

Manet Rinaldo.

'Tis time to think e'er I proceed too far;
Honour, Virtue, Friendship, struggle in me.
Can I warrant what I'm now about?
I fear I can't——what then? ——I shou'd desist
To wrong my Friend——(for so I ever thought him)
Then why to him am I not still a Friend,
Since he is so to me? Woman's the Cause.
A Cause can Nature change, can turn a Man
Into a Brute, or worse than a meer Brute,
A Brute rational, the worst of Brutes;
For Brutes by Instinct follow Nature's Laws,
Whilst Man alone still Nature's Laws inverts.
The gen'rous Lion ranging o'er the Plains,

Will never hurt the Trav'ler on his way,
 Unless he's injur'd, or in quest of Prey;
 But Monster Man, will Man to Death pursue,
 For base Revenge, or any private View. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Ismena and Alvarez.

Alv. Hail to the charming Mistress of my Soul!
 As beautiful as Nature in the Spring;
 Sweet as the blooming Season of the Year,
 When ev'ry View's delightful to the Eye,
 And every Breeze is fraught with rich Perfumes.
 Such, or less lovely was the Cyprian Queen,
 When she with Pallas, and the Wife of Jove,
 A Contest held, and Paris was the Judge:
 Had I been Paris, and you on Ida's Top
 To have disputed for the golden Prize,
 How soon shou'd I have ended the Debate
 By judging you the fairest of the four,
 In whom, united all their Beauties meet.

Ism. Your Flatt'ry I contemn, on me 'tis lost,
 And I repay it with a just Disdain;
 I know my self, nor want I your Respect,
 Nor fulsome Praise to tell me what I am.

Alv. Are these Returns for what I've undergone
 Thro' the deep Anguish of an afflicted Heart,
 Aking alternately with Hope and Fear?
 Unkind *Ismena*—tho' why do I complain?
 She heeds me not—but's deaf to all I say,
 As Winds and Seas are to the Sailor's Pray'rs.
 O turn, O turn, and smoothe your angry Brow;
 For in your Eyes I see my Doom is fixt,
 And ev'ry Look denotes my wretched Fate.

Ism.

The Degenerate Brother. 39

Ism. You read them right—Yet you shan't say but
once

I prov'd a Friend, and gave you good Advice;
That is, in brief, to think of me no more.

Alv. Ungen'rous Fair! too clearly now I see,
Your Heart is harden'd, and your Frowns portend
A gath'ring Storm to root up all my Hopes.

Ism. True—and from me you have deserv'd it all;
For you, I find, not brooking a Repulse,
Have to my Father for a Refuge flew:
Yet think not that your Confidence in him
Shall ever bring me to your hated Bed;
For sooner than to that I'd e'er accord,
Without Reluctance, I'd be bound a Prey,
As was the fam'd *Andromeda* of old,
Where I might find no *Perseus* to save me.

Alv. 'Tis done—'tis done—the Spell no more
can bind:

Reason, with Freedom has resum'd its Throne.
Had you been kind, I had for ever been
A Slave, a Slave to a proud Woman's Will;
But now without a Wish I can survey,
With just Indifference, your beauteous Face.
'Tis not the brilliant Sparkling of your Eyes,
The vermeil Paint of Nature in your Cheeks,
The lively Crimson of your ruby Lips,
Nor all the Graces that adorn your Sex,
(Which shine, I own, conspicuous in you)
Shall e'er again ensnare *Alvarez's* Heart;
My Reason now shall ride triumphant there,
And teach me to retort your Scorn with Scorn.

Ism. Arrogant Thing! —I give thee leave to rail,
(The Shelter of a Coward safe from Danger)
Who, like thee, wanting a Sense of Honour,
Thinks he's a Hero when he braves a Woman.

Alv. It ill becomes me with your Sex to hold
Any Dispute—but your darling Minion,
(Who's no Stranger to me) shall answer all.

Ism. I know he's not, and well he knows thee too.
 Thy feeble Threats his manly Virtue scorns :
 Wer't thou to meet him, Fear wou'd seize thy Soul,
 And chill the very Blood within thy Veins :
 With conscious Shame and Cowardice oppress'd,
 Thy trembling Heart wou'd sink within thy Breast.

[Exit.

Alv. That shall soon be try'd

Manet Alvarez. To him Pedro.

Ped. *Alvarez*, what's the matter?
 Your Brows are clouded, and your Eyes dart Fire :
 Confusion too was in my Sister's Face
 As she departed hence——what can it mean?
 Perhaps your Friend *Rinaldo*——

Alv. I abjure the Name.

Ped. I must acknowledge he's not worthy of it,
 Who can descend to violate his Honour,
 And practise on an open Heart, like yours.
 But 'tis not fitting I shou'd speak my Thoughts,
 Else I cou'd say——but I have said too much.

Alv. O *Pedro*, I conjure thee to declare
 All that you know this faithless Man has done.

Ped. Then, in a word, he has most basely wrong'd
 you,

And undermin'd you in *Ismena's* Love ;
 And therein has wrought so far upon her,
 He is to wed her on to-morrow's Morn.

Alv. From good *Don Manuel* I have heard it all ;
 But if I don't prevent it, may I be
 Noted for a tame and passive Coward.
 Arise, fell Vengeance, from Hell's Center rise,
 Your strongest Poisons pour into my Blood,
 T'inflame its Fever, and keep up my Rage,
 'Till I this most Consummate Villain meet,

Ped. 'Tis not these Sallies of intemperate Passion
 Will aught avail your Purpose to advance.

Alv. Then, what, good *Pedro*, wou'd you have
 me do? Your

Your Counsel I'll receive with willing Ear,
And be as still as e'er the Sea was seen
After the blustering Winds had ceas'd to blow.

Ped. Think not I mean to drive you from your
Purpose,

Because I'd have you bridle in your Rage;
Far be it from me—for Revenge is laudable,
When Resentment's just; nor shou'd cold Delay
Retard one Moment th'executing Stroke,
When Vengeance once is ripe and fit for Birth,
Left Pity or Remorse unman your Hand.

Alv. An Empire shou'd not bribe me to forego it.
Swifter than Winds, or Rays of Light I'll fly,
Deaf as an Adder, Vengeance to pursue,
Nor will I taste another Hour of Rest,
'Till he my injur'd Honour has repair'd.

[*Thunder and Light'ning.*

Ha!—what mean these sudden Horrors of the Night,
Are the Heav'ns concern'd, and by these awful Signs
Wou'd strike a Terror in me!

Ped. Ne'er heed them,
For well you know they from fix'd Causes come,
Still disregarded by the Wise and Brave.

Alv. I am not so susceptible of Fear,
To be affected with a troubl'd Sky;
No—I wou'd on, my Vengeance to assure,
Tho' Death in its most ghastly shape appear'd.

Ped. Danger is nothing to a Mind confirm'd;
Yet in Revenge, with Conduct one shou'd act:
Suppose you sent a friendly Message to him,
And under that Disguise a Meeting crav'd;
Soon as he comes, as fit Occasion offers,
You then know what to do.

Alv. I take the Hint.
Haste then, *Pedro*, and seek him out,
And better to accomplish my Designs,
Prepare him well to hear from me to-morrow.

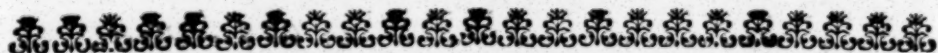
Ped.

Ped. Depend upon't, this Night it shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Manet Alvarez.

He comes, he comes, whilst under Friendship's Shew
He nothing fears, and fronts a mortal Foe ;
When once a Friend has broke his Faith and Trust,
For sure Revenge all Stratagems are just. [*Exit.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*An Hermit's Cell on a Heath, near the
Harbour of St. Sebastian.*

[*Thunder and Light'ning.*

Enter Hermit.

FROM my gay Spring of Life to full-grown
Youth,
From thence to this old Age of fourscore
Years,

I don't remember that I e'er beheld
A Storm so dreadful both by Sea and Land ;
Trees by their Roots are torn, and whirl'd in Air,
And ev'ry Wave a wat'ry Mountain seems.
How thro' the Clouds the forked Light'ning shoots,
And rolling Thunder seconds ev'ry Flash !
What a tremendous Peal was that ! the Crack

[*Thunder-Clap.*

The very Earth's Foundation seem'd to shake,
Most terrible to hear, or to behold !
Surely the Heav'ns, offended at Men's Deeds,
Are with long-suffering Patience weary'd out.
Avert impending Judgments, O ye Pow'rs !
Bless me ! off yonder Point of Land I see
A Ship in great Distress—preserve them, Heav'n !
I'll to the Port, and give them an Account,

That

The Degenerate Brother.

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That in good Time they may Assistance send,
If she shou'd chance to strike upon the Rocks;
And as I go, I'll humbly try to move,
With earnest Pray'rs, the angry Pow'rs above. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

[*Tempest continues.*]

A Chamber in Rinaldo's House.

Enter Rinaldo, and Cleone weeping.

Rin. Look up, *Cleone*, whence proceed these Tears?
Do the Horrors of the Night affright you?

Cleo. No, no, what's natural disturbs me not:
'Tis what's unnatural—your Unkindness.

Rin. If it be so I own myself to blame;
Come to my Arms, I'll ne'er afflict you more.

Cleo. I must confess your Anger touch'd me near,
But since the Cause is mov'd, th' Effect will cease.

Rin. From henceforth be assur'd, no Cause for
Grief

Shall reach your Breast, if e'er I can prevent it;
And for what's past I'll make you full amends,
With double Kindness, and still growing Love;
Your kind acceding to my late Request,
Merits from me all I have ever done,
Or yet can do to make *Cleone* happy.

Cleo. I'm well convinc'd you ever did prefer
My Welfare to your own—to me you've been,
The best of Brothers, and the best of Friends.

Rin. Such shall *Cleone* ever find *Rinaldo*.

Cleo. This kind Assurance wou'd set me quite at
ease,

But that there's something lies most heavy here;
[*Pointing to her Breast.*]
Last Night I dreamt, but Dreams I know you heed
not,

So think not fit to trouble you with mine:

Yet I must beg one Question you'll resolve,
For on it much my future Peace depends.

Rin. Quick let me know it then—that I may set
Your Mind at perfect Rest.

Cleo. Be then sincere——

Say on what Terms you and *Alvarez* stand ;
'Tis terrible to think, when Friends fall out,
And 'bout a Woman too, on what may hap.

Rin. Banish your Fears, *Pedro* my Friend, and your's,
Has on him took to set us right again :
Here he comes—Sister retire a while, [*Seeing Pedro*
at a distance.

By this Embrace, be easy I conjure you,
And in the Morn I'll satisfy you farther.

Cleo. 'Till then I take my leave——Heav'n grant
all's well. [*Exit.*

Manet Rinaldo. To him Pedro.

Ped. *Rinaldo*, what a dreadful Night was this ?
Nevertheless, I have *Alvarez* seen,
And all things to our Wishes now succeed,
In the Morn expect a Message from him.

Rin. What say you, *Pedro* ?—are we then to meet ?
O ! tell me how you gain'd Belief in him,
'Till he took fire, and burst into a Flame.

Ped. Swelling with Rage, and with his Usage stung,
I took him just as *Ismena* left him,
Any Impression ready to receive :
At first I gently touch'd upon the Cause,
To sound the Disposition of his Mind ;
And better to disguise my private Thoughts,
I feign'd a Friendship and Concern for him ;
Said as he said, complain'd as he complain'd,
Thus sooth'd him 'till his Confidence I gain'd.
At last with Fury wild his Lips he bit,
And gnash'd his Teeth, and for Revenge impatient,
Swore he'd ne'er taste another Hour of Rest,
'Till you had made him ample Retribution.

Rin.

The Degenerate Brother. 45

Rin. Whate'er you undertake must meet Success.

Ped. Not 'till *Alvarez*' Death has crown'd our Scheme ;

I trust in Fate to-morrow's rising Sun
Shall see him set, never to rise again.

'Till next we meet, farewell—and i' th' mean time
May your good Genius guard you from all Ill.

Rin. Thanks, kind *Pedro*——I wish you a good
Night. [Exit *Pedro*.

Manet Rinaldo.

Remorse, be gone—down, rising Pity, down ;
Since the Dye's cast, I must the Hazard run ;
Yet still I find, he hangs about my Heart,
Nature and Love by turns will take his part :
I wish, like Friends, the Cause we cou'd debate,
There's but a Minute now, 'twixt us and Fate. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

The Harbour of St. Sebastian.

A Shipwreck discover'd at a distance.

Enter Alonzo and Pizarro.

Piz. Welcome, *Alonzo*, to *Saint Sebastian*,
For sure from greater Perils Men ne'er scap'd ;
When I reflect, the Thought renews my Fears,
And I can scarce believe we yet are safe.

Alon. It was a dreadful, and a cruel Storm,
To take us just as we had gain'd our Port.
See where our Galley floats !—her Keel upward,
Her Sides all shatter'd—miserable Sight !
Do you remember, when the Rock she struck,
As the Planks started, and let in the Waves,
How ev'ry Face was with Confusion fill'd,
And we all thought each Moment was our last ?

Piz. Remember ! yes, I never shall forget it :

In

In happy Time the Vessel from this Haven
 Came to our Aid, or we had all been lost.
 With those poor Souls, who perish'd in the Storm;
Diego too, I fear, has shar'd their Fate;
 I mourn his Loss, for he was a faithful Servant.

Alon. He was indeed—and merits our Concern.
 Ha! what do I see?—look, look, *Pizarro*!
 Yonder's a Wretch, or I am much deceiv'd,
 Grasping some Yard, or Mast, striving to stem
 The Tide, and plough his Way toward the Shore.

Piz. I see him plain, and wish we cou'd assist him.

Alon. I wish so too, for Pity fills my Breast
 With sympathizing Fears, whene'er I see
 A Fellow-Creature lab'ring in Distress.

Piz. So does it mine—but much it now behoves us,
 To offer up our Orisons to Heav'n,
 For this our great and marvellous Deliverance;
 Next it remains to wish *Alonzo* Joy,
 That he from slavish Tyranny is free,
 And does again enjoy his native Soil.

Alon. The like to you, my generous Redeemer,
 To whom I owe my All——

Piz. Speak not of that——
 Friendship (if more than Name, or outward Shew)
 Ought to search out where'er a Friend's oppress'd,
 And give him all th' Assistance that he wants,
 Unknown, (if possible) at least unask'd,
 Without a View, or Thought of a Return.

Alon. Wond'rous Virtue!—O! thou bright Ex-
 ample

Of truest Honour and sincerest Friendship!
 Teach me, O! teach me, to be like yourself;
 Enrich my Mind, and form it like your own,
 That I may worthy grow of such a Friend.

Piz. Dear *Alonzo*, you make me blush to hear you;
 And I shou'd think (but that I know you well)
 The silken Mask of Flatt'ry veil'd your Face:
 But waving this, let us not waste our Time;

Don't

The Degenerate Brother.

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Don't you think of sending to your Father ?

Alon. I've not forgot—As soon as fair *Aurora*
Purples the Skies and ushers in the Day,
I'll send Intelligence of our safe Arrival,
And that e'er Noon I hope to reach *Tolosa*,
And beg his Blessing, (if he's yet alive !)
Heav'n grant he may ! ———for from him I've ne'er
heard,

Since the beginning of my captive State.
Now twice sev'n times the Sun has past the Line,
Since first I mourn'd my Fate—hard Fate indeed !
For sev'n long Years to suffer as I did,
Under the galling Weight of servile Chains !
(And so had still remain'd for aught I found)
Had not my dear *Pizarro* set me free.

Piz. And much it glads me that I cou'd assist
A worthy Man depress'd with Fortune's Frowns :
I shall hereafter think't a happy Chance
That made *Pizarro* Captive with *Alonzo*.

Alon. Spoke like yourself—Acknowledgments, I
know,
From any that you serve are grating to you.

Piz. They'd be the same to you, or any one,
Who judges right—but what are you musing on ?
[*Observing him thoughtful.*
You seem disturb'd—surely from me you'll nothing
hide.

Alon. I own, some anxious Thoughts rise in my
Mind,

Yet to my Friend I shall impart them all :
My Brother, I suspect, has dealt me ill,
And by some means my Father has deceiv'd :
I shou'd not harbour such a Sense of him,
But that I know he wou'd at nothing stop
To gain his Ends—for oft to him I've wrote,
But never any Answer cou'd receive
Which gave me Hopes—and now, the more I think,
Uncommon Notions strengthen my Suspicion.

Shou'd

Shou'd he have been what these my Fears suggest !
 My Wife ! my lov'd ! my dear, dear *Ismena*,
 May by an easy Faith have been betray'd.
 Then what may be !—I shudder at the Thought.

Piz. You're in the wrong on bare Surmizes, thus
 To let these Fancies take such root within you.

Alon. Did you but know the Fears possess my Soul;
 You'd not condemn me—for 'tis possible
 Some other now, may share *Ismena's* Bed.

Piz. How can you think he ever cou'd commit
 An Act so vile, so opposite to Nature?
 An Act wou'd make him by the World abhorr'd,
 And drive him from the Commerce of Mankind.

Alon. I wish that all my Fears may groundless prove.

To them enter Hermit, Diego, and Mariners.

Her. Bless ye, good Men, you're welcome safe on
 Shore !

Piz. We thank your pious Greeting—who are
 these ?

Ha ! *Diego* ! I'm glad at heart to see thee ; [*Spying*
Diego.

By what strange Miracle was you preserv'd ?

Dieg. Most worthy Sir, I am so full of Joy
 To see you both again, I scarce can speak,
 To say that thro' this reverend old Man,
 Yourself, and all you see were sav'd from Death.

Piz. Venerable Sage, is it to you we owe
 Our Preservation ?—Blessings attend you for it.

Her. I did no more than what I ought to do ;
 But now let me invite you to my Cell,
 There to bestow as much as in me lies,
 To comfort and revive your weary Spirits.

Alon. Most worthy Sire, your Offer we accept,
 And shall acknowledge it with due Regard.
 And now, my Friend, since Heav'n has spar'd *Die-*
go, [*Turning to Pizarro:*
 Let us make him the grateful Messenger

To

To carry to Don *Manuel* the News,
That we from slavish Bondage are return'd.

Piz. None is more fit——

Alon. Then let's with this good Man,
And when with him we have ourselves refresh'd,
I'll to *Diego* his Instructions give.

Her. Come, Gentlemen, I'll shew you the way.

Alon. We'll follow——

Sure thou wer't by gracious Heav'n design'd
To be a Benefactor to Mankind ;
For which may you with Halcyon Days be blest,
And when you die, with Everlasting Rest.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Field behind Alvarez's House.

Alvarez solus.

Methinks a dusky Gloom the Morning veils,
And scarce the Dregs of Darknefs are dispell'd :
The Sun too glimmers with a sickly Light,
As if ill Fate sat heavy on the Day.
The Owls and Bats, and all the Birds of Night
(Which Omens dire presage) are yet abroad :
But here *Rinaldo* comes, who little thinks
His Fate, or mine, this very Morn must see.

Enter Rinaldo, and Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Master.

[*Exit.*]

Rin. Sent you for me, *Alvarez*?

Alv. Yes, I did, *Rinaldo*.

Rin. What wou'd you, my Friend ?

Alv. No more dissembling—I've had enough on't.

Rin. What do you mean?—explain yourself, *Al-*
varez.

Alv. So I shall—Han't you deceiv'd me basely ?

E

First

First of a Mistress robb'd me ; next, a Friend,
(For once I thought you so.)

Rin. Not that I know of.

Alv. How ! knew you not my Love for *Ismena* ?
You heard it all from me—you can't deny it.

Rin. I don't—what then ?

Alv. You dare not—no, you dare not.

Rin. Proceed, but in such manner as becomes
Rinaldo to hear, and I shall hear you.

Alv. Han't you vilely practis'd on my Friendship
To know my Secrets, which without Reserve
(Fool as I was) I fully did impart.

Rin. I deny it, and th' Accusation scorn :
Had you (as you pretend) been free with me,
And told me of your Int'rest in *Don Manuel*,
I, in my turn, shou'd nothing have conceal'd ;
But when I found you wou'd not trust *Rinaldo*,
Rinaldo thought not fit to trust *Alvarez*.

Alv. 'Tis falsely urg'd—the Secret of my Love
I frankly told—had you done so by me,
We 'ad still been Friends—

But think not that your poor Pretence,
Can gloss your Treachery and Baseness o'er.

Rin. *Alvarez*, take heed, and give not to your
Passion,

And to unjust Resentment such a Loose ;
But judge how much a Friend shou'd bear—lest I
O'ercome with it, shou'd lose my Temper too ;
Therefore be wise, and urge it not too far !

Alv. Take heed, be wise, and urge it not too far.
This Insolence has kindled such a Flame,
As nothing can extinguish but your Blood.

Rin. Once more be wise, lest you repent too late.

Alv. What ! do you menace, and brave me too ?
I doubt your Courage won't maintain your Conduct.

Rin. Yet I can bear your Rashness, but go no fur-
ther.

Alv. A Coward never wants Pretence to bear,
The

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The Virtue Patience always is at hand ;
No more trifling, draw and defend your Life. [*Draws.*

Rin. If I'm provok'd, the Consequence be your's.

Alv. Then let this provoke you. [*Strikes him.*

Rin. Friendship, farewell. [*Draws.*

A Coward ! and a Blow !—'Sdeath 'tis too much ;
Had you my Brother been, or any Man,
But he who gave me Being, thus I'd right me :
Come on. [*Fight.*

Alv. This to your Heart. [*Both wounded.*

Rin. 'Tis done—we're both to blame : [*Falls.*
But now let us in Death be Friends—for much I fear
Your Thread of Life is cut as well as mine.

Alv. If it be so, I'm sure I well deserve it :
O *Rinaldo* ! too late my Crime I see,
Passion and Jealousy my Reason drown'd.

Rin. The same unhappy Passion fir'd us both,
Cancell'd our Friendship, and destroy'd our Peace.
How blest might we have been, had Prudence rul'd !
But that's too late—for I find I'm going ;
Can you your dying Friend forgive ?

Alv. I do——
From my Soul I do—witness this Embrace,
[*Embracing him passionately.*
And this !—and this !—Had I the Universe,
I'd give it all to call one Hour back.

Rin. That's kind—but cease to mourn—we now
must part :
With my last Breath I bless you—I can no more ;
The Sleep of Death steals on, and sinks me down.
to—O !—— [*Dies.*

Alvarez looks earnestly on the Body.
He's gone !—Peace to his Manes—but to me,
May Peace a Stranger be for evermore :
May I ne'er breathe, but in a Sigh or Groan,
May all my Life (if I should chance to live !)
Be such a Series of deepest Woe,

As none e'er felt—'till pitying Heaven
In Mercy grants me my eternal Rest.

O my *Rinaldo*!—by your Side I'll lie, [*Lying down
by the Body.*]

And fold thee in my Arms, 'till Madness and Despair,
Remorse and racking Conscience rid me of my Life.

*Enter Don Manuel and Gentlemen, with Alvarez's
Servants.*

1st Serv. See! see! my Lord, where my poor
Master lies!

D. Man. And by him his Friend *Rinaldo*—ha!—
dead!

1st Serv. Miserable Sight!—

2d Serv. O most fatal Message!

D. Man. Behold th' Effects of Jealousy and Rage!
[*To the Gentlemen.*]

Sure Mankind's greatest Bane!—help me, my Friends,
To raise him. [*They raise him.*]

Remove the Body. [*To Servants.*]

Servants bear off the Body.

You bleed, *Alvarez*. [*To Alvarez.*]

Alv. 'Tis well I do—but that is not sufficient,
Some other Expiation I must make;

And thus! thus! [*Tearing open his Wounds.*]

Omnes. O Horror! Horror!

D. Man. Hold! what do you mean, rash Man?

Alv. To divest me of a worthless Being,
That now is to a narrow Space confin'd,
In which I'll try to make my peace with Heav'n;
My Fortune to *Cleone* I bequeath,
Poor Compensation for a Brother's Blood.
Lead me—softly—I shall be soon at Rest. [*He's led off.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

An Apartment in Rinaldo's House.

Enter Cleone and Julia.

Jul. Indeed your Conduct was a Master-piece.

Cleo. As Circumstances stood, I was oblig'd
To try my Sex's Cunning and Deceit ;
To work on *Pedro*, and keep up his Hopes,
'Till I cou'd break with him, and speak my Mind.
But how to acquit me to my Brother,
My dearest *Julia*, wants your best Advice.

Jul. Continue still to hold him in Suspence,
And practise all our best dissembling Arts,
To skreen your Meaning, and deceive them both ;
Besides, Put-offs, perhaps, may make him change,
Or give you Time to gain your Point in view.

Cleo. Right, when tir'd out with long Delays,
He on some other Maid may fix his Heart,
(If one, who will accept it, can be found)
For to the Human Race he is a perfect Foil,
And sooner than I'd take him unto mine,
Poison and Daggers shou'd be welcome there.

Jul. Heav'n forbid it e'er shou'd come to that ;
Yet if in aught I can of Service be,
Me, you well know, you always may command ;
For what can give *Cleone* Joy or Grief,
That will not yield to *Julia* the same ?

Cleo. I'm satisfy'd your Friendship and your Love
Partake in all the Suff'rings I endure :
As two fair Lights, to best Advantage plac'd,
Unite their Rays t'illuminate the more ;
So do our Souls by Sympathy agree,
And join in ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry Joy.

Jul. Truly they do—but tell me, good *Cleone*,
How does your Brother take th' intended Marriage
Of *Alvarez* with *Alonzo's* Relict ?

Cleo. Alas ! it stings him to the very Soul.

Ful. Where is he now ? ———

Cleo. Gone to meet *Alvarez*.

Who sent to speak with him.

Ful. Concerning what ?

Cleo. Indeed I know not, but why that Question ?

Ha ! you've rais'd a Thought which shocks me much.

Alvarez send for him ! — what then ? — perhaps —

Shield, Shield me, Heav'n, from such another Thought !

Ful. What ails you, dear *Cleone* ?

Cleo. O ! — I cannot tell ———

But something fills my Mind with dreadful Fears,

Let us go hence to satisfy my Doubts,

Left meer Imagination drives me mad. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

A Hall in Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Pedro and Diego.

Ped. My Brother, say you, at *Sebastian's* Port ?

Dieg. Yes, Sir, and now is at the Hermit's Cell,
On the Heath adjacent to the Haven.

Ped. I know the Place—but when came he ashore ?

Dieg. Last Night. ———

Ped. Who is with him ? ———

Dieg. My Master, *Pizarro*.

Ped. *Pizarro* ! — what, the Son of *Don Pizarro* ? —

Dieg. Yes, Sir, the same, by whose Command I'm
come,

To let *Don Manuel* know they are arriv'd,

And both this Day design to be his Guests.

Ped. Have you acquainted any one with it ?

Dieg. None, Sir, besides yourself.

Ped. 'Tis well — take this [Gives Money.

For your good News — In, and refresh yourself,

And I'll go with you to conduct them here :

But mention nought of what you come about.

Dieg.

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Dieg. I shall not, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pedro solus.

Alonzo come ! and with him young *Pizarro* !
I'm so confus'd I know not how to act ;
Let me think——Men judge of Actions by Events,
[*Pausing.*

And Right or Wrong is measur'd by Success :
When first I heard he had his Ransom paid,
And soon intended to embark for *Spain*,
His Death I did decree——and now 'tis fix'd.
I'll to my Bravoes, who are always ready,
And only wait my Orders what to do.
Virtue——Nature——Conscience——*Chimæra*'s all,
Away——my Thoughts are all summ'd up in this.
Alonzo and *Pizarro*, both must fall,
The Servant too, or I am yet in danger.
Thro' what a Sea of Blood am I to wade !
Fate works apace ; the Course I now must run,
And stick at nothing, since I have begun. [*Exit.*



A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A Hermit's Cell on a Heath, near the Harbour
of Saint Sebastian.*

Enter Pedro and Ruffians.

Ped.  OME, Gentlemen, *Diego* being dis-
patch'd,
Let's post ourselves to favour our De-
sign ;
Brave is *Pizarro*, and my Brother too ;
Caution let's use, to make our Work secure.

1st Ruff. Fear not, Sir.

2d Ruff. We are us'd to these Affairs.

Ped. Here are a thousand Crowns for your Reward. [Shewing a Purse.]

1st Ruff. I'll warrant you we'll deserve 'em.

Ped. I doubt it not——

Yonder they come——

[Seeing Alonzo and Pizarro at a distance.]

Let's stand aside and mask,

And when they reach this Corner, rush upon them.

Enter Alonzo and Pizarro.

[Pedro and Ruffians assault them. All draw.]

Piz. Alonzo, have a care—we are beset.

Alon. What ho! Murder! Murder—[Fight] Villain, take that.

[Mariners ent'ring to their Assistance, Ruffians are beat off by Pizarro, &c. whilst Alonzo and Pedro are engag'd.]

Ped. Wounded! and by Alonzo! Curse on my Arm, [Aside.]

That cou'd not better execute my Will—[Falls.]

Alon. Vile Wretch, whoe'er thou art, thy Fate is just.

Ped. It now has done its worst—I soon shall be Out of the reach of Man—but then!—O then!—

Re-enter Pizarro.

Piz. How is't, Alonzo? You're not hurt, I hope.

[*Alon.* No, my Pizarro—Thanks to Heav'n and you.

But what Returns can poor Alonzo make For two such Debts, as Liberty and Life?

Piz. Let me intreat you, mention that no more; I'm Fortune's Debtor more than you are mine, For th' Opportunity to serve my Friend.

Alon. Well—I submit, and shall in Silence pass What from my Mind Death only can expunge. But now let's find out who these Villains are: Here lies one—Come, Sir, let us see your Face,

[Pulling off Pedro's Mask.]

Ha!

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Ha! what do I see? Sure my Eyes deceive me!

Pedro! my Brother!—O Horror! Horror!

See, see, *Pizarro*, what my Hand has done!

[*Pointing to Pedro.*

Piz. Pedro!—your Brother!—sure it cannot be!

Alon. It's but too true—I wou'd it were not so.

Unhappy Man! I hope you knew us not. [*To Pedro.*

What cou'd induce you to so foul an Act?

Ped. Wicked and barbarous was my Design;

But Providence most justly did ordain

That you, *Alonzo*, (Brother, I dare not term you)

Shou'd put a Period to a Life most black

With base Designs, resolving baser still,

The Murder of *Pizarro* and of you.

Alon. Impossible!—you know not what you say,

Your Sense is gone—for Crimes of such a Dye

Cou'd never enter in the Heart of one

Descended from the good *Don Manuel's* Loins.

Ped. Now to dissemble wou'd avail me nought—

Hearing you was return'd, I laid this Scene,

This execrable Scene—which, O I ne'er had done,

Had you not been my eldest Brother born.

Nor had you so long remain'd a Captive,

Had I not forg'd a Letter to my Father,

In which I feign'd the Story of your Death.

Alon. Hard-hearted Brother—Brother did I call
you?

I wou'd renounce the Name, but for her sake

Who bore us both—her Virtue was untainted;

Therefore, like me, may Heav'n forgive you too.

Piz. Unheard-of Cruelty!—but I'll the Subject
wave,

Left I my dear *Alonzo* more afflict.

Alon. That's like a Friend—as one Womb held us,
It must nearly touch me——

Ped. You like a Brother and a Christian act,

By pitying thus an impious Wretch like me,

Which

Which to m'accusing Conscience represents
 In glaring Colours my enormous Crimes;
 For which I fear your Pray'rs on me are lost,
 For Justice is the Attribute of Heav'n;
 How can it pardon then what I've committed?
 The Murder of *Diego*—

Piz. *Diego* murder'd!—

What had he done, that you shou'd murder him?

Ped. I did it to prevent Detection—

For which and all my other flagrant Deeds,
 What room is there for Mercy?—none for me—

Alon. Tho' infinite Justice is Heaven's Attribute,
 So is its Mercy infinite likewise;

Therefore repent, tho late, and don't despair.

Ped. If that will aught avail me, O I do!

And humbly beg your Pardons and your Pray'rs;
 For rigid Death has seiz'd upon me now,
 And to its Goal is hurrying me away,

There to remain until the great Assize

Shall all my Crimes explore, and then—O! [*Dies.*

Alon. Farewel, thou miserable Wretch, farewel;
 (But how thou wilt appear, when latest Time
 Unites thy Atoms and quickens them with Life,
 To stand a Convict at Heav'n's dread Tribunal,
 Branded with Murder and a long Course of Sin,
 Affrights my Soul, and fills me full of Horror.)

And how shall I?—O how shall I approach
 A Father's Face, stain'd with a Brother's Blood?

Piz. Be not disturb'd, for you have acted nought
 But what all Laws, both humane and divine,
 Will justify you in—I have secur'd
 An Evidence will set in a true Light
 Your Innocence and mine—

See there he is! [*Ruffian brought in guarded.*

Alon. Well have you judg'd to save this Fellow's
 Life;

We'll take him with us—It may stead us much.

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Piz. I sav'd him for that Purpose—but th'other,
An harden'd Villain, of his Wounds is dead.

Alon. He has his due—but come, my dear *Pizarro*,
Let us return unto the Hermit's Cell,
And take our leave—then haste to meet my Father,
For he, as yet, knows not that I am living,
And blest with Freedom too——O how I long
With filial Reverence to grasp his Knees,
Then to acquaint him with the tragic Tale,
How he has lost one Son, how found another:
But e'er I go, I must be grateful here.

[*Giving Money to the Mariners.*

Mar. Noble Sir, we thank you. [Going out.

Alon. Stay—and bear this Corps to the Alguazil's;
And with this Russian, bid him strait attend
Don Manuel, his Orders to receive—

[*Exeunt Mariners, bearing off the Corps, and Russian guarded.*

Now, my Friend, I'm ready to go with you.

[*Exeunt Pizarro and Alonzo.*

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Ismena and Lucina.

Ism. Debate between my Love and Duty's past,
And ev'ry Moment I expect *Rinaldo*
To lead me forth to ratify our Vows.

Luc. Believe me 'tis a dangerous Hazard.
To quit your Freedom and your easy State
For Man! capricious Man! a faithless Sex!

Ism. You judge them right, the greatest Part is so;
Yet surely some Exceptions may be found;
For I must think *Rinaldo* is above
The common Race of Human Kind as much;
As purest Gold's above the basest Dross.

Luc:

Luc. I hope you'll find him so—but yet methinks
He comes not with a joyful Bridegroom's haste,
Eager and out of breath to reach the Goal,
Impatient as a Runner for a Prize.

Ism. Indeed he is to blame to make me wait,
Since he must think each Moment gives me Tears;
Wherefore his Stay surprizes me the more.

Luc. Be not surpriz'd at any thing in Man,
Whose roving Nature so inconstant is,
Who knows not when, nor where, nor how to fix.
Florella, you've a Song to the purpose,
Prithee let's have it to divert the time.

Flor. Madam, I'll do my Endeavour.

S O N G.

*All dissembling, still seducing,
Men by Nature wav'ring prove;
Most alluring, whilst deceiving,
With the specious Shew of Love:
But were Women less believing,
(Knowing well their treach'rous Arts,)
Then their Sighing, am'rous Dying,
Wou'd ne'er have pow'r t'ensnare our Hearts.*

Ism. Thanks, good *Florella*—Ha! what come not
yet!

What can it mean! Alas, my Fears!
Perhaps the Thoughts of Marriage checks his Speed,
Shou'd it be so! (as much my Mind misgives me.)
I'd fly the treach'rous Race, and listen to
A Syren's Voice sooner than to a Man's.

Luc. I think it Prudence still to fear the worst.
In short, they're all alike; they'll say and swear
Whate'er they guess will bring us to their Lure:
Which done, too oft we find ourselves deceiv'd,
And left our easy Weakness to regret.

Ism. Say not so—cou'd I believe it of him,
I shou'd run mad——

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To them Don Manuel.

D. Man. Mad! O Daughter do you know it then?

Ism. Know it! know what?—quickly, quickly tell me.

D. Man. My dearest Child, how shall I tell the Tale!

Ism. What wou'd my Father? what Tale wou'd you tell?

Your Words, your Looks portend some horrid Meaning.

Ha! you seem confus'd!—O speak it, I conjure you.

D. Man. Then collect yourself to hear the baneful News:

Rinaldo is——

Ism. Is!—what of him—say—dead!

Is it not so?——

D. Man. Prophetick Truth!—with him *Alvarez* too, both in a Duel slain.

Ism. Ah!——

[*Swoons.*

Luc. Poor, poor *Ismena*! help me to support her.

[*To Don Manuel.*

D. Man. O my dear Child! what can I do for thee?

Ism. Hark!—what hollow Voice is that? I know it now;

[*Recovering.*

'Tis my *Rinaldo*'s——and it calls me hence——

See, see, his Spirit—ha!——it beckons me——

D. Man. What means my Dear?—there's nothing——be compos'd.

Ism. There!—there! look it's going——'tis gone——'tis gone——

Give, give me Wings, I'll fly and overtake it.

[*Runs off.*

D. Man. Follow her, Child, and see she's strictly watch'd,

Lest she shou'd aught attempt upon her Life.

[*To Lucina.*

Luc. Heav'n forbid——my Lord, I'll do my best.

O

O what a World of Woe must she go through!

[Exit weeping.]

Manet Don Manuel.

Had but my Soul, as now, been touch'd before,
I never shou'd have felt what now I feel.

That I've been in the wrong, too late I find,
And my tenacious Humour must condemn.

On Nature's Laws Parents their Power found,
Yet Nature to that Pow'r has set a Bound.

Indulgence best does suit presiding Care,

A Parent's Will shou'd ne'er be too severe,

For they are least obey'd who rule by Fear.

And when unjust are the Commands they lay,
It is no Crime if Children disobey.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A Chamber in Rinaldo's House.

Rinaldo's Body lying on a Bier.

Enter Cleone and Julia.

Cleo. O my dear Brother!—cruel *Alvarez*!
Let me, let me, (if my Tears will let me)
Behold the dear, dear Body and embrace it;

[Embracing the Body.]

Support me, Heav'n, for now my Sorrows flow
With such impetuous Force, they bear me down.

O *Julia*! *Julia*!

Jul. Take Comfort dear *Cleone*.

Cleo. Talk not of Comfort to Mis'ry like mine.
Have I not cause to mourn—to mourn for ever?

Jul. You have indeed—but let's retire from hence;
This Object will but add to your Affliction.

Cleo. What Place can hide the Object from my
Mind?

None, none—yes, yes, there's one—and there's but
one,

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The kind, the silent hospitable Grave.

Jul. First think of laying poor *Rinaldo* there,
And then I something shall communicate,
That will I hope restore your Peace of Mind.

Cleo. If the all-gracious Pow'rs have in Reserve
One Blessing left for me, disclose it strait.

Jul. 'Tis only this—Of the vain World take leave,
And dedicate your future Life to Heav'n:
That done, to Mercy recommend his Soul
Departed hence, prest with the Weight of Blood.

Cleo. A right and happy Thought!—a Cloyster is
From all perplexing Cares the best Retreat.

Jul. As I your Friendship in the World have shar'd,
In this Retreat I'll share your Friendship too.

Cleo. Then can you, *Julia*, young and in your
Bloom,
With nothing to molest you, with a View
Of all the Pleasures of the World before you,
Resolve to quit it, and devote your self
To a Monastick Life?

Jul. My secret Thoughts
Ever that way inclin'd—since 'tis by you approv'd,
I shall with double Pleasure take the Veil.

O, 'tis a State of Innocence divine!
Which sets eternal Happiness in view,
On Earth an Emblem of the Joys above.

Cleo. Soon as his Fun'ral Rites shall be perform'd,
We'll hence remove us to that blest Retreat,
Where all resign'd in quiet we shall live,
And the true Pleasure of Content receive. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Drawing-Room in Don Manuel's Castle.

Enter Don Manuel, Alonzo, and Pizarro.

D. Man. Once more, my dear *Alonzo*, let me bless
you. [Embracing him.

And

64 FATAL LOVE: or,

And bid you welcome to a Father's Arms :
Pardon these Transports of a tender Parent—

[To Pizarro.

Whose Heart's so full of Joy for having found
The best of Sons to Life and me restor'd ;
(For long I thought him dead)—To you I owe
The Comfort of my Age, my dear *Alonzo* :

For which let me embrace you, and return my Thanks,

[Embracing Pizarro.

My grateful, grateful Thanks—be it your Care

[To Alonzo.

To see your Ransom instantly repaid.

Alon. With Pleasure your Commands I shall obey.

Piz. You much o'er-rate the little I have done :

If I have acted as became a Friend,

I did my Duty, and in doing it,

The Pleasure which I found's a full Reward.

D. Man. Worthy *Pizarro*, accept the pious Wishes
Of an old Man, made happy by your Goodness :
Long and prosperous be your growing Days,
Renown and Greatness crown thee in this Life,
And when thy mortal Part shall be dissolv'd,
May they adorn and eternise thy Name,
And Joys celestial bless thy virtuous Soul.

Piz. E'er I these wondrous Blessings can accept,
Which upon me your Goodness wou'd call down,
There's an Account, a sad Account to state,
To you, as yet unknown, which must be clear'd.

D. Man. What means your Friend ? tell me, my
Alonzo.

Alon. My Lord, I dare not.

Piz. Then I must—Your Son *Pedro*—

D. Man. What of him—let him be call'd.

Who waits there ?

[Calling within.

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord, your Pleasure ?

D. Man. Send my Son *Pedro* to me.

Pag. He's not at home, my Lord.

D. Man.

D. Man. When went he out?

Pag. This Morning, early.

D. Man. Know you where he went

Pag. No, my good Lord.

Piz. But O too well I do.

D. Man. Then, dear *Pizarro*, freely speak your
Meaning.

Piz. My Lord I shall.

Bid them bring in the Wretch without. [*To Page.*

D. Man. Do as you're bid. [*To Page, who exit.*

Re-enter Page with Ruffian guarded.

D. Man. What does all this tend to?

Piz. My Lord, that Villain can inform you best.

[*Pointing to Ruffian.*

D. Man. Speak whoe'er thou art, what brings you
here? [*To Ruffian.*

Piz. Say what you know, as you for Mercy hope.
[*To Ruffian.*

Who hir'd or employ'd you to attempt
T'assassinate *Alonzo* and myself?

Ruff. Rather let me die than make Confession.

D. Man. So under Torments exquisite thou shalt,
Except you all declare—what silent?—bring the
Rack.

Ruff. O, Mercy, Mercy, and I'll tell it all.

D. Man. Do't then——

Ruff. Since I must—'twas your Son *Pedro*.

D. Man. What's that you say? —*Pedro!* ——
my Son *Pedro!*

Hir'd you t'assassinate *Pizarro*,
And his Brother?——

Ruff. It is most true, my Lord.

D. Man. O horrid! horrid! Nature sure must
shrink

At the first Thought of such tremendous Crimes,
Were you disguis'd? [*To Ruffian.*

Ruff. With Masks, my Lord.

D. Man. Go on.

Ruff. When we set on them, to defend themselves,
They drew, — *Alonzo, Pedro* kill'd — and you
[*To Pizarro.*

Seiz'd and discover'd me.

D. Man. Away with him — [*Exit Ruffian guarded.*
What a vile World is this ! — I'm weary on't.

Alon. O my dear Lord, thus suppliant on my
Knees, [Kneeling.

Allow me to assert my Innocence —

D. Man. Rise, my *Alonzo*, you are not to blame,
An Act which Heaven itself holds not a Crime,
Can neither Pardon nor Attonement want.

Alon. With humblest Sense, permit me at your Feet
To bless your Goodness and revere your Love,
For showing this Compassion to your Son.

D. Man. Rise, rise, my Son, and thus grow to
my Heart. [*Raises and embraces him.*
His Fate he well deserv'd — but O the means ! —
Avenging Heav'n — how righteous are thy Jugments !
Their Justice I must own — altho' a Father — [*Weeps.*
Where is the Body ?

Alon. At the Alguazil's,
Who waits without your Orders to receive ?

D. Man. I'll see him presently, — but say, my *Alonzo*,
How did the wretched Creature end his Life ?

Alon. With his last Breath his sev'ral Crimes he
own'd,
And begg'd Forgiveness of my Friend and me,
And much the Servant's Murder did repent,
Whom we had sent to make our Coming known.

D. Man. What, Murder committed ! inhuman
Wretch !

Name him no more, the Bane of my old Age.
O *Alonzo*, had I not been deceiv'd
By his false Advice, I had never met
The Grievs which now I feel on your account:
Nor had *Ismena* ! —

Alon.

The Degenerate Brother. 67

Alon. My Wife, my Lord! what of her?—

D. Man. Been ever prest by me to wed *Alvarez*,
Which caus'd a fatal Difference between
Him and *Rinaldo*, with whom she lately had
A secret Contract made.

Alon. Fatal Difference!

And secret Contract!—for Heaven's sake, my Lord,
Clear up these Terms, and let me know the worst.

D. Man. Their Love and Jealousy a Duel caus'd,
In which both fell—the Source of her Disorder:
See, she is here—with manly Resolution

[*Seeing Ismena ent'ring.*

Arm, arm yourself to bear the killing Sight.

*Enter Ismena distracted, supported by Lucina and
Women.*

Piz. A killing Sight indeed!—poor *Alonzo*!

Alon. What do I see? Start, Eyes—and burst my
Heart.

Ism. Let me go——I won't be confin'd.

Luc. Dear Sister, take Comfort, and let not Grief
Distract you thus.

Ism. Stand off. and give me Breath. [*Breaking loose.*

Luc. O Brother, Brother! O wretched Welcome!

[*To Alonzo.*

Ism. Ah! are you there! hark ye me, come hither,

[*Runs to Don Manuel.*

I'll tell you what——can you keep a Secret?

Alonzo and Rinaldo wait for me,

And I am going to them——know you where?

In the cold Grave, where I shall soon be laid;

[*Weeps.*

And you shall be chief Mourner, if you please.

Sings.

Hark! hark! I'm call'd.

By who, by who?

Alonzo and Rinaldo too,

F 2

Adieu,

Adieu, Adieu, to you to you,

To you, to you, to you, to you.

[Going out sees *Alonzo*, and returns.

Ha ! who is this ? a good pretty Fellow !

And so very like my lost *Alonzo* —

I must look on him ——— Pray excuse me, Sir.

[*Curt'sies* to *Alonzo*.

Alon. My Dearest Life—dost thou not know me then ?

Ism. Why who are you ? —tho' you resemble him,

Think not to tempt me, I won't go with you.

Sings.

For he, poor Soul, is dead and gone,

And I shall follow very soon ;

My Thred of Life the Fates have spun,

And I the rugged Course have run :

I find the fatal Work is done,

And I shall set before the Sun.

O sick, sick!—my Head, my Head grows giddy,

And in my Brain, my busy Fancy works :

How swift the strange Ideas come and go !

They flow so fast, they wear my Brain away.

Now, now, the deadly Draught begins to work,

A mortal Coldness seizes me all o'er— [Faints.

Luc. She faints, she faints——help me, help me,
Brother. [To *Alonzo*.

Alon. What said she?—fatal Draught!——O

Ismena!——

Look up and tell t' thy once lov'd *Alonzo*

What you have done——Gracious Heaven preserve her.

D. Man. Fly and get help.

All I am worth I'll give to save her Life——

[To Attendants.

Ism.

The Degenerate Brother. 69

Ism. Where have I been?—my Frost is turn'd to
Fire. [Recovering.

I burn, I burn——all Hell is in my Breast.

No Intermission!——O I cannot bear it!

Alon. My Life, my Soul, my dear, dear *Ismena*!
Look on me — speak to me — O she knows me not.
[Looking wildly on him.

D. Man. Daughter, Daughter, don't you remember him?

'Tis *Alonzo*——your Husband——

Ism. What say you?

Nam'd you not *Alonzo*?——where?——where is he?

D. Man. There is your Husband——there is *Alonzo*.
[Pointing to Alonzo.

Ism. Ah! 'tis his Spirit that's waiting for me.

I come, I come, take me, take me with you. [Dies.

Alon. She's gone, she's gone! and with her all my
Hopes

Of Happiness on Earth——blefs me! *Pizarro*,

Am I awake!——or am I in a Dream!

Ye awful Powers! who govern all below,

What have I done to bring these Curses on me?

Be kind, and send one more——of Sense deprive me;

(But that, for me, wou'd be too great a Blessing)

Let me lie by her, and there breathe my last.

[Lying by the Body.

Thou beauteous Innocence, what cou'dst thou do

To merit such a sad untimely Fate?

'Tis said the Pow'rs above are merciful and just,

If so, part us no more——join us in Death,

And let the same kind Grave receive us both.

Piz. This mournful Scene of Sorrow shakes my
Soul.

But ne'ertheless I must take care of this.

[Taking away Alonzo's Sword.

Alon. Who's that?

[Looking back.

How, my *Pizarro*, is this like a Friend?

To

To see me prest beneath a Load of Woe,
And rob me of the means shou'd free me from it.

D. Man. Your Cause for Grief, my dear *Alonzo*, is
Far greater sure than ever yet had *Man*;
Yet as a *Man*, and as a Christian too,
It is your Duty humbly to submit.
Worthy *Pizarro*, comfort poor *Alonzo*;
I can no more—My Sorrows too are such,
They must have Vent, or my poor Heart will break.

[Weeps.

Piz. Rise, my Friend; see, good *Don Manuel*
weeps. [To *Alonzo*.

Bear as you ought yourself, and comfort him.

Alon. Said you *Don Manuel*?—O Father, Father!
[Rising hastily.

Weep not for me—for ev'ry Tear of yours
Draws from my Heart a Tear of vital Blood.
Dear, dear *Pizarro*, help to calm his Mind,
Whilst I again embrace my lost *Ismena*.

[Throwing himself against the Body.

Piz. Let not your noble Soul be thus oppress'd;
[To *Don Manuel*.

Resume your Resolution, and assist me
To mod'rate the Afflictions of your Son.

D. Man. With Reason you reprove me—'tis not
right

Thus to give way to Sorrow—I shou'd know better;
But Nature did prevail, and shew'd its Weakness:
However, now I am again myself.

Come, let us try if we can cheer up him.

Alonzo rise—act like your Father's Son,
Bless my old Age, and chace away my Sorrows.

Alon. Indulge my Woes a little, little longer,
E'er yet we part, never to meet again,
One last Embrace—'tis done—farewell for ever;
Nought but my Duty now cou'd tear me from the.

[Embraces her passionately, and rises.

Piz.

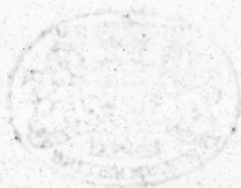
The Degenerate Brother. 71

Piz. Parents take warning by these mighty Ills,
Force not your Children's Hands against their
Wills.

From *Pedro's* Fate let all Example take,
How they unjustly wou'd a Fortune make;
For Shame and Horror ever will attend
Base and unworthy Actions in the End.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



Lately Printed for T. Worrall,

LOVE and REVENGE, or the *Vintner Out-*
witted; a New Dramatick Opera after the Manner
of the Beggar's Opera.



EPILOGUE,

By Mr. CHARLES COFFEY.

 O you, ye Beaux, and Brothers of the Pen,
The kind Cleone now appears again,
And sure you'll treat her like fine Gentlemen.
Was it not hard thus early in my Bloom
To fly all Pleasure and embrace a Doom,
So inconsistent with my Constitution,
Therefore I wisely broke that Resolution :
Unhappy Maids, who live in such a Nation,
Where soft, young sighing Nuns are so in fashion ;
Yet tho' the Church each tender Wish controuls,
Kind Monks regale our Bodies and our Souls ;
We Spanish Ladies, tho' immur'd severely,
To shun the Veil do often venture fairly,
And manage an Amour, Egad, most rarely.
One Spark I've lost, alas, 'twas wondrous Pity,
But still there's Hopes among the Brave and Witty ;
I had condemn'd myself to Virgin Penance,
Till powerful Gold took off the woeful Sentence :
And now here's Youth and Beauty to delight ye,
Nay, more prevailing Money to invite ye ;
For tho' unskill'd I've seen thro' all your Arts,
Love gilds your Tongues, but Fortune guides your Hearts.
Then if Good-Nature in your Breasts abounds,
Proclaim it all with your applauding Sounds,
And some one take my Person and my Pounds.

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